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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

The next two days I passed in feverish restlessness. Hollingsworth's conduct had quite disconcerted my plans. From the concluding sentences of Isolina's note, I had construed an invitation to re-visit the hacienda in some more quiet guise than that of a filibustero; but after what had transpired, I could not muster courage to present myself under any pretence. It was not likely I should be welcome—I, the associate—nay, the commander, of the man who had attempted to take the life of a nephew, a cousin! Don Ramon had stipulated for a "little rudeness;" he had had the full measure of his bargain, and a good deal more. He could not otherwise than think so. Were I to present myself at the hacienda, I could not be else than coldly received—in short, unwelcome.

I thought of apologies and pretexts, but to no purpose. For two days I remained in vacillating indecision; I neither saw nor heard of her who engrossed my thoughts.

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News from head-quarters! A "grand ball" to be given in the city!

This bit of gossip fell upon my ear without producing the slightest impression, for I cared little for dancing, and less for grand balls: in earlier youth I had liked both; but not then.

The thing would at once have passed from my thoughts, had it not been for some additional information imparted at the same time, which to me at once rendered the ball attractive.

The information I alluded to was, that the ball was got up "by authority," and would be upon a grand scale. Its object was political; in other words, it was to be the means of cultivating a friendly intercourse between the conquerors and the conquered—a desirable end. Every effort would be made to bring out the "native society," and let it see that we Yankee officers were not "barbarians" as they affected to deem, and frequently pronounced us. It was known—so stated my informant—that many families of the Ayankieados would be present; and in order to make it pleasanter for those who feared *proscription*, the ball was to be a masked one—*un baile de mascara*.

"The Ayankieados are to be there! and she—"

My heart bounded with new hope; and I resolved to make one of the maskers—not that I intended to go in *costume*. In my slender wardrobe was a civilian dress of proper cut, and tolerably well preserved; that would answer my purpose. The ball was to come off on the night following that on which I had word of it. My suspense would be short.

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The time appeared long enough, but at length the hour arrived, and mounting my good steed, I started off for the city. A brisk ride of two hours brought me on the ground, and I found that I was late enough to be fashionable.

As I entered the ball-room, I saw that most of the company had arrived, and the floor was coupled with dancers. It was evident the affair was a "success." There were four or five hundred persons present, nearly half of them ladies. many were in character costumes, as Tyrolese asanta, Andalusian *majas*, Bavarian broomirls, Wallachian boyards, Turkish Sultanas, and ead-bedecked Indian belles. A greater number were disguised in the ungraceful domino, hile not a few appeared in regular evening-ess. Most of the ladies wore masks; some mply hid their faces behind the coquettish re-*topado*, while others permitted their charms be gazed upon. As the night wore on, and occasional *copita de vino* strengthened the ves of the company, the uncovered faces beme more numerous, and masks got lost or put way.

As for the gentlemen, a number of them also ore masks—some were *en costume*, but uniforms edominated, stamping the ball with a military naracter. It was not a little singular to see a umber of *Mexican* officers mingling in the hrong! These were, of course, prisoners on *arole*; and their more brilliant uniforms, of rench patterns, contrasted oddly with the plain ue dresses of their conquerors. The presence these prisoners, in the full glitter of their gold-e, was not exactly in good taste; but a moent's reflection convinced one it was not a matof choice with them. Poor fellows! had they bided by the laws of etiquette, they could not ve been there; and no doubt they were as deous of shaking their legs to the dance as the yest of their captors. Indeed, in this species of valry they far outstripped the latter.

I spent but little time in observing these peculiarities; but one idea engrossed my mind, and hat was to find Isolina de Vargas—no easy task mid such a multitude of maskers. Among the uncovered faces she was not. I soon scanned hem all, or rather glanced at them. It needed scanning to recognize hers. If there, she was of the *mascaritas*, and I addressed myself to close observation of the *dames en costume*, and dominoes. Hopeless enough appeared the aspect of recognizing her, but a little hope sustained me in the reflection that being myself unvered, she might recognize *me*.

When a full half-hour had passed away, and lynx-like surveillance was still unrewarded, hope died within me; and, what may appear ange, I began to wish she was *not* there. "If esent," thought I, "she must have seen me this; and to have taken no notice—" A pang of chagrin accompanied this reflecon.

flung myself upon a seat, and endeavored to me an air of indifference, though I was far feeling indifferent, and my eyes as before eagerly scanning the fair maskers. Now then, the *tournure* of an ankle—I had seen Isolina's—or the elliptical sweep of a fine figure, inspired me with fresh hope; but as the mascaritas who owned them were near enough to have seen, and yet took no notice of me, I conjectured—in fact, *hoped*—that none of them was she. Indeed, a well-turned ankle is no distinctive mark among the fair *doncellas* of Mexico.

At length, a pair of unusually neat ones, supporting a figure of such superb outlines, that even the ungraceful domino could not conceal them, came under my eyes, and riveted my attention. My heart beat wildly as I gazed. I could not help the belief that the lady in the yellow domino was Isolina de Vargas. She was waltzing with a young dragoon officer; and as they passed me, I rose from my seat, and approached the orbit of the dance, in order to keep them under my eyes. As they passed me a second time, I fancied the lady regarded me through her mask; I fancied I saw her start. I was almost sure it was Isolina!

HIS FACE WAS TOWARDS ME—I RECOGNIZED IJURRA!

My feeling was now that of jealousy. The young officer was one of the elegant gentleman of the service—a professed lady-killer—a fellow who, notwithstanding his well-known deficiency of brains, was ever welcome among women. She seemed to press closely to him as they whirled around, while her head rested languishingly upon his shoulder. She appeared to be *contented* with her partner. I could scarcely endure the agony of my fancies.

It was a relief to me when the music ceased, and the waltz ended. The circle broke up, and the waltzers scattered in different directions, but my eyes followed only the dragoon officer and his partner. He conducted her to a seat, and then placing himself by her side, the two appeared to engage in an earnest and interesting conversation.

With me politeness was now out of the question. I had grown jealous as a tiger; and I drew near enough to become a listener. The lowness of the tone in which they conversed precluded the possibility of hearing much of what was said, but I could make out that the spark was "coaxing" his partner to remove her mask. The voice that replied was surely Isolina's! I could myself have torn the silken screen from her face, through very vexation! but I was saved that indiscretion, for the request of her cavalier seemed to prevail, and the next instant the mask was removed by the lady's own hand. Shade of Erebus! what did I see? She was black—a *negress!* Not black as ebony, but nearly so; with thick lips, high cheek-bones, and a row of short "kinky" curls, dangling over the arch of her glistening forehead!

My astonishment, though perhaps of a more agreeable kind, was not greater than that of the dragoon lieutenant, who, by the way, was also a full-blooded "southerner." At sight of his partner's face, he started, as if a six-pound shot had winded him; and after a few half-muttered excuses, he rose with an air of extreme *gaucherie*, and hurrying off, hid himself behind the crowd!

The "colored lady," mortified—as I presumed she must be—hastily re-adjusted her mask, and rising from her seat, glided away from the scene of her humiliation. I gazed after her, with a mingled feeling of curiosity and pity; I saw her pass out of the door alone, evidently with the intention of leaving the ball. I fancied she had departed, as her domino, conspicuous by its bright yellow color, was no more seen among the maskers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLUE DOMINO.

Thus disappointed, I gave up all hope of meeting her for whose sake I had come to the ball.—She was either *not* there, or did not wish to be recognized, even by *me*. The latter supposition was the more bitter of the two; and goaded by it and one or two other uncongenial thoughts, I paid frequent visits to the "refreshment-room," where wine flowed freely. A cup or two drove the *one idea* out of my mind; and after a while, I grew more companionable, and determined to enjoy myself like others around me. I had not danced as yet, but the wine soon got to my toes as well as into my head; and I resolved to put myself in motion with the first partner that offered.

I soon found one—a blue domino—that came right in my way, as if the fates had determined we should dance together. The lady was "*not* engaged for the next," she would be "most happy."

This, by the way, was said in *French*, which would have taken me by surprise, had I not known that there were many French people living in C——, as in all the large cities of Mexico. They are usually jewellers, dentists, milliners, or other artisans of that class, who drive a lucrative trade among the luxury-loving *Mexicanas*. To know there were French people in the place, was to be certain you would find them at the ball; and there were they, numbers of them, pirouetting about, and comporting themselves with the gay *insouciance* characteristic of their nation. I was not surprised, then, when my blue domino addressed me in French.

"A French *modiste!*" conjectured I, as soon as she spoke.

Milliner or no, it mattered not to me; I wanted a dancing partner; and after another phrase or two in the same sweet tongue, away went she and I in the curving whirl of a waltz.

After sailing once round the room, I had two quite new and distinct impressions upon my mind; the first, that I had a partner *who could waltz*, a thing not to be met with every day. My blue domino seemed to have no feet under her, but floated around me as if borne upon the air! For the moment, I fancied myself in Ranelagh or Mabille! My other impression was, that my arm encircled as pretty a waist as ever was clasped by a lover. There was a pleasing rotundity about it, combined with a general symmetry of form and serpentine yieldiness of movement, that rendered dancing with such a partner both easy and delightful. My observation at the moment was, that if the face of the modiste bore any sort of proportion to her figure, she needed not have come so far from France to push her fortune.

With such a partner I could not otherwise than waltz well; and never better than upon that occasion. We were soon under the observation of the company, and became the cynosure of the circle. This I did not relish, and drawing my blue domino to one side, we waltzed towards a seat, into which I handed her with the usual polite expression of thanks.

This seat was in a little recess or blind window, where two persons might freely converse without fear of an eaves-dropper. I had no desire to run away from a partner who danced so well, though she were a modiste. There was room for two upon the bench, and I asked permission to sit beside her.

"Oh, certainly," was the frank reply.

"And will you permit me to remain with you till the music recommences?"

"If you desire it."

"And dance with you again?"

"With pleasure, monsieur, if it suit your convenience. But is there no other who claims you as a partner?—no other in this assemblage you would prefer?"

"Not one, I assure you. You are the only one present with whom I care to dance."

As I said this I thought I perceived a slight movement, that indicated some emotion.

"It was a gallant speech, and the modiste is pleased with the compliment," thought I.

Her reply:

"It flatters me, sir, that you prefer my company to that of the many splendid beauties who are in this saloon; though it might gratify me still more *if you knew who I am.*"

The last clause was uttered with an emphasis, and followed by a sigh!

"Poor girl!" thought I, "she fancies that I mistake her for some grand dame—that if I knew her real position, her humble avocation, I should no longer care to dance with her. In that she is mistaken. I make no distinction between a milliner and a marchioness, especially in a ball-room. There, grace and beauty alone guide to preference."

After giving way to some such reflections, I replied.

"It is my regret, mam'selle, not to have the happiness of knowing you, and it is not possible I ever may, unless you will have the goodness to remove your mask."

"Ah! monsieur, what you ask is impossible."

"Impossible! and why, may I know?"

"Because, were you to see my face, I should not have you for my partner in the next dance; and to say the truth, I should regret that, since you waltz so admirably."

"Oh! refusal and flattery in the same breath! No mam'selle, I am sure your face will never be the means of your losing a partner. Come! let me beg of you to remove that envious counterfeit. Let us converse freely face to face. *I* am not masked, as you see."

"In truth, sir, you have no reason to hide your face, which is more than I can say for many other men in this room."

"Quick-witted milliner," thought I. "Bravo, Ranelagh! Vive la Mabille!"

"Thanks, amiable masker!" I replied. "But you are too generous; you flatter me—"

"It is worth while," rejoined she, interrupting me; "it improves your cheek; blushes become you, ha, ha, ha!"

"The deuce!" I ejaculated half aloud, "this *dame du Boulevard* is laughing at me!"

"But what *are* you?" she continued, suddenly changing her tone. "You are not a Mexican? Are you soldier or civilian?"

"What would you take me for?"

"A poet, from your pale face, but more from the manner in which I have heard you sigh."

"I have not sighed since we sat down."

"No—but before we sat down."

"What! in the dance?"

"No—before the dance."

"Ha! then you observed me before?"

"Oh, yes; your plain dress rendered you conspicuous among so many uniforms; besides your manner—"

"What manner?" I asked with some degree of confusion, fearing that in my search after Isolina I had committed some stupid piece of left-handedness.

"Your abstraction; and, by-the-way, had you not a little *penchant* for a yellow domino?"

"A yellow domino?" repeated I, raising my hand to my head, as though it cost me an effort to remember it—"a yellow domino?"

"Ay, ay—a ye-ll-ow dom-in-o," rejoined my companion with sarcastic emphasis—"a yellow domino, who waltzed with a young officer—not bad-looking, by-the-way."

"Ah! I think I *do* remember—"

"Well, I think you *ought*," rejoined my tormentor, "and well, too; you took sufficient pains to observe."

"Ah—aw—yes," stammered I.

"I thought you were conning verses to her, and as you had not the advantage of *seeing her face*, were making them to her feet!"

"Ha, ha!—what an idea of yours, mad'm'sellot"

"In the end, she was not ungenerous—she let you see the face?"

"The devil!" exclaimed I, starting; "you saw the *denouement*, then?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed she; "of course I saw the denouement, ha, ha!—*drole*, wasn't it?"

"Very," replied I, not much relishing the joke, but endeavoring to join my companion in this laugh.

"How silly the spark looked? ha, ha!"

"Very silly indeed—ha, ha, ha!"

"And how disappointed—"

"Eh?"

"How disappointed you look, monsieur."

"Oh—ah—I—no—I assure you—I had no interest in the affair. I was not *disappointed*—at least not as you imagine."

"Ah!"

"The feeling uppermost in my mind was *pity*—pity for the poor girl."

"And you really *did* pity her?"

This question was put with an earnestness that sounded somewhat strange at the moment.

"I really did. The creature seemed so mortified—"

"She seemed mortified, did she?"

"Of course. She left the room immediately after, and has not returned since. No doubt she has gone home, poor devil!"

"Poor devil! Is that the extent of your pity?"

"Well, after all, it must be confessed she was a superb deception; a finer dancer I never saw—I beg pardon, I except my present partner—a good foot, an elegant figure, and then to turn out—"

"What?"

"*Una negrilla!*"

"I fear, monsieur, you Americans are not very gallant towards the ladies of color. It is different here in Mexico, which you term *despotic*."

I felt the rebuke.

"To change the subject," continued she, "are you *not* a poet?"

"I do not deserve the name of poet, yet I will not deny that I have made verses."

"I thought as much. What an instinct I have! Oh, that I could prevail upon you to write some verses to me!"

"What! without knowing either your name or having looked upon your face. Mam'selle, I must at least see the features I am called upon to praise."

"Ah, monsieur, you little know; were I to unmask those features, I should stand but a poor chance of getting the verses. My plain face would counteract all your poetic inspirations."

"Shade of Lucretia! this is no needlewoman, though dealing in weapons quite as sharp. Modiste, indeed! I have been laboring under a mistake. This is some *dame spirituelle*, some grand lady."

I had now grown more than curious to look upon the face of my companion. Her conversation had won me; a woman who could talk so, I fancied, could not be ill-looking. Such an enchanting spirit could not be hidden behind a plain face; besides, there was the gracefulness of form, the small gloved hand, the dainty foot and ankle demonstrated in the dance, a voice that rang like music, and the flash of a superb eye, which I could perceive even through the mask. Beyond a doubt, she was beautiful.

"Lady!" I said, speaking with more earnestness than ever, "I entreat you to unmask yourself. Were it not in a ball-room, I should beg the favor upon my knees."

"And were I to grant it, you could hardly rise soon enough, and pronounce your lukewarm leave-taking. Ha, monsieur, think of the yellow domino!"

"Mam'selle, you take pleasure in mortifying me. Do you deem me capable of such fickleness? Suppose for a moment you are not what the world calls beautiful, you could not, by removing your mask, also strip yourself of the attractions of your conversation—of that voice that thrills through my heart—of that grace exhibited in your every movement! With such endowments, how could a woman appear ill-looking? If your face was even as black as hers of the yellow domino, I verily believe I could not perceive its darkness."

"Ha, ha, ha! take care what you say, monsieur. I presume you are not more indulgent than the rest of your sex; and well know I that, with you men, ugliness is the greatest crime of a woman."

"I am different, I swear—"

"Do not perjure yourself, as you will if I but remove my mask. I tell you, sir, that in spite of all the fine qualities you imagine me to possess, I am a vision that would horrify you to look upon."

"Impossible!—your form, your grace, your voice. Oh, unmask! I accept every consequence for the favor I ask."

"Then be it as you wish; but I shall not be the means of punishing you. Receive from your own hands the chastisement of your curiosity."

"You permit me, then? Thanks, mam'selle, thanks! It is fastened behind; yes, the knot is here—Now I have it—so—so—"

With trembling fingers, I undid the string, and pulled off the piece of taffety. Shade of Sheba! what did I see?

The mask fell from my fingers, as though it had been iron at a cherry heat. Astonishment caused me to drop it; rather say horror—horror at beholding the face underneath—the *face of the yellow domino!* Yes, there was the same negress with her thick lips, high cheek-bones, and the little well-oiled kinks hanging like corkscrews over her temples!

I knew not either what to do or say; my gallantry was clean gone; and although I resumed my seat, I remained perfectly dumb. Had I looked in a mirror at that moment, I should certainly have beheld the face of a fool.

My companion, who seemed to have made up her mind to such a result, instead of being mortified, burst into a loud fit of laughter, at the same time crying out in a tone of raillery:—"Now, Monsieur le Poete, does my face inspire you? When may I expect the verses? To-morrow? Soon? Never? Ah! monsieur, I fear you are not more gallant to us poor 'ladies ob color' than your countryman, the lieutenant. Ha, ha, ha!"

I was too much ashamed of my own conduct, and too deeply wounded by her reproach, to make reply. Fortunately, her continued laughter offered me an opportunity to mutter some broken phrases, accompanied by very clumsy gestures, and thus take myself off. Certainly, in all my life, I never made a more awkward adieu. I walked, or rather *stole*, towards the entrance, determined to leave the ball-room, and gallop home. On reaching the door, my curiosity grew stronger than my shame; and I resolved to take a parting look at this singular Ethiopian. The blue domino, still within the niche, caught my eye at once; but on looking up to the face—gracious heaven! *it was Isolina's!*

I stood as if turned into stone. My gaze was fixed upon her face, and I could not take it off. She was looking at me; but, oh! the expression with which those eyes regarded me! That was a glance to be remembered for life. She no longer laughed, but her proud lip seemed to curl with a sarcastic smile, as of scorn!

I hesitated whether to return and apologise. But no; it was too late. I could have fallen upon my knees, and begged forgiveness. It was too late. I should only subject myself to further ridicule from that capricious spirit.

Perhaps my look of remorse had more effect than words. I thought her expression changed; her glance became more tender, as if inviting me back! Perhaps—

At this moment, a man approached, and, without much ceremony, seated himself by her side. His face was towards me—I recognised Ijurra!

They converse. Is it of *me?* Is it of ——? If so, he will laugh. A world to see that man laugh, and know it is at *me*. If he do, I shall soon cast off the load that is crushing my heart!

He laughs not—not even a smile is traceable on his sombre features. She has not told him, and well for him she has not. Prudence, perchance, restrains her tongue; she might guess the result.

They are on their feet again; she masks. Ijurra leads her to the dance; they front each other; they whirl away—away; they are lost among the maskers!

* * * * * *

"Some wine, mozo!"

A deep, long draught, a few seconds spent in buckling on my sword, a few more on reaching the gate, one spring, and my saddled steed was under me.

I rode with desperate heart and hot head; but the cool night-air, the motion of my horse, and his proud spirit mingling with mine, gave me relief, and I felt calmer. On reaching the ranchería, I found my lieutenants still up, eating their rudely cooked supper. As my appetite was roused, I joined them at their meal; and their friendly converse restored for the time my spirit's equanimity.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE-THOUGHTS.

A dread feeling is jealousy, mortified vanity, or whatever you may designate the disappointment of love. I have experienced the sting of shame, the blight of broken fortune, the fear of death itself; yet none of these ever wrung my heart so rudely as the pang of an unreciprocated passion. The former are but transient trials, and their bitterness soon has an end. Jealousy, like the tooth of the serpent, leaves its poison in the sting, and long and slow is the healing of its wound. Well knew he this, that master of the human heart; Iago's prayer was not meant for mockery.

To drown my mortification, I had drank wine freely at the ball; and on returning home, had continued my potations with the more fiery spirit of "Catalan." By this means I gained relief and sleep, but only of short duration. Long before day, I was awake—awake to the double bitterness of jealousy and shame—awake to both mental and physical pain, for the fumes of the vile stuff I had drunk racked my brain, as though they would burst open my skull. An ounce of opium would not have set me to sleep again, and I tossed in my couch like one laboring under delirium.

Of course the incidents of the preceding night were uppermost in my mind. Every scene and action that had occurred, were as plainly before me, as if I was again witnessing them. Every effort to alienate my thoughts, and fix them upon some other theme, proved vain and idle; they ever returned to the same circle of reflections, in the centre of which was Isolina de Vargas! I thought of all that had passed, of all she had said. I remembered every word. How bitterly I remembered that scornful laugh!—how bitterly that sarcastic smile, when the double mask was removed!

The very remembrance of her beauty pained me! It was now to me as to Tantalus the crystal waters, never to be tasted. Before, I had formed hopes, had indulged in prospective dreams; the masquerade had dissipated them. I no longer hoped, no longer permitted myself to dream of pleasant times to come; I felt that I was scorned.

This feeling produced a momentary revulsion in my thoughts. There were moments when I hated her, and vengeful impulses careered across my soul.

These were fleeting moments; again before me rose that lovely form, that proud grand spirit, in the full entirety of its power, and again my soul became absorbed in admiration, and yielded itself to its hopeless passion. It was far from being my first love, and, thus experienced, I could reason upon it. I felt certain it was to be the strongest and stormiest of my life.

I know of three loves, distinct in kind and power. First, when the passion is reciprocated—when the heart of the beloved yields back thought for thought, and throb for throb, without one reserved pulsation. This is bliss upon earth—not always long-lived—ending, perchance, in a species of sublimated friendship. To have is no longer to desire.

The second is love entirely unrequited—love that never knew word or smile of encouragement, no soft whisper to fan it into flame, no ray of hope to feed upon. Such dies of inanition, the sooner that its object is out of the way, and absence will conquer it in time.

The third is the love that "doted, yet doubted," that doubts, but never dies—no, never. The jealousy that pains, only sustains it; it lives on, now happy in the conviction of triumph, now smarting under real or fancied scorn—on, on, so long as its object is accessible to sight or hearing! No matter how worthless that object may be or become—no matter how lost or fallen; love regards not this.

Rough ranger as I was, I had studied psychology sufficiently to understand these truths; and I endeavored to analyze my passion for this girl or woman—to discover *why* I loved her. Her physical beauty was of the highest order, and that, no doubt, was an element; but it was not all. Had I merely looked upon this beauty under ordinary circumstances—that is, without coming in contact with the spirit that animated it—I might have loved her, or I might not. It was the spirit, then, that had won me, though not alone. The same gem, in a less brilliant setting, might have failed to draw my admiration. I was the captive both of the spirit and the form. Soul and body had co-operated in producing my passion, and this may account for its suddenness and profundity. Why I loved her person, I knew—I was not ignorant of the laws of beauty—but why the spirit, I knew not. Certainly not from any idea I had formed of her high *moral* qualities; I had no evidence of these. Of her courage, even to daring, I had proof; of energy and determined will; of the power of thought, quick and versatile; but these are not *moral* qualities, they are not even *feminine?* True, she wept over her slain steed. Humanity? I have known a hardened *lorette* weep bitter tears for her tortoise-shell cat. She refused to take from me my horse. Generosity? She had a thousand within sight. Alas! in thus reviewing all that had passed between myself and the beautiful Isolina, in search of her moral qualities, I met with but little success!

Mystery of our nature! I loved her not the less! and yet my passion was pure, and I do not believe that my heart was wicked. Mystery of our nature! He who reads all hearts alone can solve thee!

I loved without reason; but I loved now without hope. Hope I had before that night. Her glance through the turrets—her note—its contents—a word or two at other times, had inspired me with hopes, however faint they were. The incident in the ball-room had crushed them.

Ijurra's dark face kept lowering before me; even in my visions he was always by her side. What was between the two? Perhaps a nearer relationship than that of cousin? Perhaps they were affianced? Married?

The thought maddened me.

I could rest upon my couch no longer. I rose and sought the open air; I climbed to the azotea, and paced it to and fro, as the tiger walks his cage. My thoughts were wild, and my movements without method. To add to the bitterness of my reflections, I now discovered that I had sustained a loss—not in property, but something that annoyed me still more. I had lost the order and its enclosure—the note of Don Ramon. I had dropped them on the day in which they were received, and I believed in the patio of the hacienda, where they must have been picked up at once. If by Don Ramon himself, then all was well; but if they had fallen into the hands of some of the leathern-clad herdsmen, ill-affected to Don Ramon, it might be an awkward affair for that gentleman—indeed, for myself. Such negligence would scarcely be overlooked at headquarters; and I had ill-forebodings about the result. It was one of my soul's darkest hours.

From its very darkness I might have known that light was near, for the proverb is equally true in the moral as in the material world. Light was near.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ODD EPISTLE.

Breakfast I hardly tasted. A *taza* of chocolate and a small sugared cake—the *desayuna* of every Mexican—were brought, and these served me for breakfast. A glass of cognac and a Havana were more to the purpose, and helped to stay the wild trembling of my nerves. Fortunately, there was no duty to perform, else I could ill have attended to it. I remained on the azotea till near midday. The storm raging within prevented me from taking note of what was passing around. The scenes in the plaza, the rangers and their steeds, the "greasers" in their striped blankets, the *Indias* squatted on their *petates*, the pretty poblanas, were all unnoticed by me. At intervals my eyes rested upon the walls of the distant dwelling; it was not so distant but that a human form could have been distinguished upon its roof, had one been there. There was none, and twenty, ay, fifty times, did I turn away my disappointed gaze.

About noon, the sergeant of the guard reported that a Mexican wished to speak with me; mechanically, I gave orders for the man to be sent up; but it was not until he appeared before me that I thought of what I was doing.

The presence of the Mexican at once roused me from my unpleasant reverie. I recognized him as one of the vaqueros of Don Ramon de Vargas—the same I had seen on the plain during my first interview with Isolina.

There was something in his manner that betokened him a messenger. A folded note, which he drew from under his jerkin—after having glanced around to see whether he was noticed—confirmed my observation.

I took the note. There was no superscription, nor did I stay to look for one. My fingers trembled as I tore open the seal. As my eye rested on the writing and recognized it, my heart throbbed so as almost to choke my utterance. I muttered some directions to the messenger; and to conceal my emotion from him, I turned away and proceeded to the farthest corner of the azotea before reading the note. I called back to the man to go below, and wait for an answer; and then, relieved of his presence, I read as follows:

"JULY 18—.

"*Gallant* capitan! allow me to bid you a *buenas dias*, for I presume that, after the fatigues of last night, it is but morning with you yet. Did you dream of your sable belle? 'Poor devil!' Ha, ha, ha! *Gallant* capitan!"

I was provoked at this mode of address, for the "gallant" was rendered emphatic by underlining. It was a letter to taunt me for my ill behaviour. I felt inclined to fling it down, but my eye wandering over the paper, caught some words that induced me to read on.

"*Gallant* capitan! I had a favorite mare. How fond I was of that creature you may understand, who are afflicted by a similar affection for the noble Moro. In an evil hour, your aim, too true, alas! robbed me of my favorite, but you offered to repay me by *robbing* yourself, for well know I that the black is to you the *dearest object upon earth*. Indeed, were I the lady of your love, I should ill brook such a divided affection! Well, mio capitan, I understood the generous sacrifice you would have made, and forbade it; but I know you are desirous of canceling your debt. It is in your power to do so. Listen!"

Some hard conditions I anticipated would follow; I recked not of that. There was no sacrifice I was not ready to make. I would have dared any deed, however wild, to have won that proud heart, to have inoculated it with the pain that was wringing my own. I read on:

"There is a horse, famed in these parts as the 'white steed of the prairies' (*el cavallo blanco de los llanos*.) He is a wild-horse, of course; snow-white in color, beautiful in form, swift as the swallow——. But why need I describe to you the 'white steed of the prairies?' you are a Tejano, and must have heard of him ere this? Well, mio capitan, I have long had a desire—a frantic one, let me add—to possess this horse. I have offered rewards to hunters—to our own vaqueros, for he sometimes appears upon our plains—but to no purpose. *Not* one of them can capture, though they have often *seen* and chased him. Some say that he *cannot be taken*, that he is so fleet as to gallop, or *glide* out of sight in a glance, and that, too, on the open prairie! There are those who assert that he is a phantom, *un demonio!* Surely so beautiful a creature cannot be the devil? Besides, I have always heard—and, if I recollect aright, some one said so last night—that the devil was *black*. 'Poor devil!' Ha, ha, ha!"

I rather welcomed this allusion to my misconduct of the preceding night, for I began to feel easier under the perception that the whole affair was thus treated in jest, instead of the anger and scorn I had anticipated. With pleasanter presentiments I read on:

"To the point, mio capitan. There are some incredulous people who believe the white steed of the prairies to be a myth, and deny his existence altogether. *Carrambo!* I know that he *does* exist, and, what is more to my present purpose, he is—or was, but two hours ago—within ten miles of where I am writing this note? One of our vaqueros saw him near the banks of a beautiful arroyo river, which I know to be his favorite ground. For reasons known to me, the vaquero did not either chase or molest him; but in breathless haste brought me the news.

"Now, capitan, gallant and grand! there is but one who can capture this famed horse, and that is your puissant self. Ah! you *have made captive what was once as wild and free*. Yes! you can do it—you and Moro!

"Bring me the white steed of the prairies! I shall cease to grieve for poor Lola. I shall forgive you that *contratiempo*. I shall forgive all—even your rudeness to my double mask. Ha, ha, ha! Bring me the white steed! the white steed!

ISOLINA."

As I finished reading this singular epistle, a thrill of pleasure ran through my veins. I dwelt not on the oddness of its contents, thoroughly characteristic of the writer. Its meaning was clear enough.

I had heard of the white horse of the prairies—what hunter or trapper, trader or traveller, throughout all the wide borders of prairie-land, has not? Many a romantic story of him had I listened to around the blazing camp-fire—many a tale of German-like *diablerie*, in which the white horse played the hero. For nearly a century has he figured in the legends of the prairie "mariner"—a counterpart to the Flying Dutchman—the "phantom ship" of the forecastle. Like this, too, ubiquitous—seen to-day scouring the sandy plains of the Platte, to-morrow bounding over the broad llanos of Texas, a thousand miles to the southward!

That there existed a white stallion of great speed and splendid proportions—that there were twenty, perhaps a hundred such—among the countless herds of wild-horses that roam over the great plains, I did not for a moment doubt. I myself had seen and chased more than one that might have been termed "a magnificent animal," and that no ordinary horse could overtake; but the one known as the "white steed of the prairies" had a peculiar marking, that distinguished him from all the rest—*his ears were black!*—only his ears, and these were of the deep color of ebony. The rest of his body, mane and tail, was white as fresh-fallen snow.

It was to this singular and mysterious animal that the letter pointed; it was the black-eared steed I was called upon to capture. The contents of the note were specific and plain. One expression alone puzzled me—"*you have made captive what was once as wild and free.*" What, I asked myself. I scarce dared to give credence to the answer that leaped like an exulting echo from out my heart!

There was a postscript, of course; but this contained only "business." It gave minuter details as to when, how, and where the white horse had been seen, and stated that the bearer of the note—the vaquero who had seen him—would act as my guide.

I pondered not long upon the strange request. Its fulfilment promised to recover me the position, which but a moment before I had looked upon as lost for ever. I at once resolved upon the undertaking.

"Yes, lovely Isolina! if horse and man can do it, ere another sun sets, you shall be mistress of *the white steed of the prairies!*"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MANADA.

In half an hour after, with the vaquero for my guide, I rode quietly out of the ranchería. A dozen rangers followed close behind; and having crossed the river at a ford nearly opposite the village, we struck off into the *chapparal* on the opposite side.

The men whom I had chosen to accompany me where all old hunters, fellows who could "trail" and "crease" with accurate aim. I had confidence in their skill, and, aided by them, I had great hopes we should find the game we were in search of. My hopes, however, would not have been so sanguine but for another circumstance. It was this:—Our guide had informed me, that when he saw the white steed, the latter was in company with a large drove of mares—a *manada*—doubtless his harem. He would not be likely to separate from them, and even if these had since left the ground, they could be the more easily "trailed," in consequence of their numbers. Indeed, but for this prospect, our wild-horse hunt would have partaken largely of the character of a "wild-goose chase." The steed, by all accounts of him, might have been seen upon one arroyo to-day, and by the banks of some other stream, a hundred miles off, on the morrow. The presence of his manada offered some guarantee, that he might still be near the ground where the vaquero had marked him. Once found, I trusted to the swiftness of my horse, and my own skill in the use of the lazo.

As we rode along, I revealed to my followers the purpose of the expedition. All of them knew the white steed by fame; one or two averred they had seen him in their prairie wanderings. The whole party were delighted at the idea of such a "scout," and exhibited as much excitement as if I was leading them to a skirmish with guerilleros!

The country through which we passed was at first a dense chapparal, consisting of the various thorny shrubs and plants for which this part of Mexico is so celebrated. The greater proportion belonged to the family of *leguminosæ—robinias, gleditschias*, and the Texan acacias of more than one species, there known as *mezquite*. Aloes, too, formed part of the undergrowth, to the no small annoyance of the traveller—the wild species known as the *lechuguilla*, or pita-plant, whose core is cooked for food, whose fibrous leaves serve for the manufacture of thread, cordage, or cloth—while its sap yields by distillation the fiery *mezcal*. Here and there, a yucca tree grew by the way, its fascicles of rigid leaves reminding one of the plumed heads of Indian warriors. Some I saw with edible fruits growing in clusters, like bunches of bananas. Several species are there of these fruit-bearing yuccas in the region of the Rio Grande, as yet unknown to the scientific botanist. I observed also the *palmilla*, or soap-plant, another yucca whose roots yield an excellent substitute for soap; and various forms of cactus—never out of sight on Mexican soil—grew thickly around, a characteristic feature of the landscape. Plants of humbler stature covered the surface, among which the syngenesists predominated; while the fetid *artemisiæ*; and the still more disagreeably odorous creosote plant (*Larrea Mexicana,*) grew upon spots that were sandy and arid. Pleasanter objects to the eye were the scarlet panicles of the *Fougsiera splendens*, then undescribed by botanists, and yet to become a favorite of the arboretums. I was in no mood for botanising at the time, but I well remember how I admired this elegant species—its tall culm-like stems, surmounted by panicles of brilliant flowers, rising high above the level of the surrounding thicket, like banners above a host. Not that I possess the refined taste of a lover of flowers, and much less then; but cold must be the heart that could look upon the floral beauty of Mexico without remembering some portion of its charms. Even the *rudest* of my followers could not otherwise than admire; and once or twice, as we journeyed along, I could hear them give utterance to that fine epithet of the heart's desire, "beautiful!"

As we advanced, the aspect changed. The surface became freer of jungle; a succession of glade and thicket; in short, a "mezquite prairie." Still advancing, the "openings" became larger, while the timbered surface diminished in extent, and now and then the glades joined each other without interruption.

We had ridden nearly ten miles without drawing bridle, when our guide struck upon the trail of the manada. Several of the old hunters, without dismounting, pronounced the tracks to be those of wild *mares*, which they easily distinguished from *horse* tracks. Their judgment proved correct; for following the trail but a short distance further, we came full in sight of the drove, which the vaquero confidently pronounced was the manada we were in search of!

So far our success equalled our expectations; but to get sight of a *caballada* of wild-horses, and to capture its swiftest steed, are two things of very unequal difficulty. This fact my anxiously beating heart and quickly throbbing pulse revealed to me at the moment. It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of anxious doubt and joyous hope that passed through my mind, as from afar off I gazed upon that shy herd still unconscious of our approach.

The prairie upon which the mares were browsing was more than a mile in width, and, like those we had been passing through, it was surrounded by the low chapparal forest, although there were avenues that communicated with other openings of a similar kind. Near its centre was the manada. Some of the mares were quietly browsing upon the grass, while others were frisking and playing about, now rearing up as if in combat, now rushing in wild gallop, their tossed manes and full tails flung loosely upon the wind. Even in the distance we could trace the full rounded development of their bodies, and their smooth coats, glistening under the sun, denoted their fair condition. They were of all colors known to the horse, for in this the race of the Spanish horse is somewhat peculiar. There were bays, and blacks, and whites—the last being most numerous. There were grays, both iron and roan, and duns with white manes and tails, and some of the mole color, and not a few of the kind known in Mexico as *pintados* (piebalds)—for spotted horses are not uncommon among the mustangs—all of course with full manes and tails, since the mutilating shears of the jockey had never curtailed their flowing glories.

But where was the lord of this splendid harem?—where the steed? This was the thought that was uppermost in the mind of all, the question upon every tongue. Our eyes wandered over the herd, now here, now there. White horses there were, numbers of them, but it needed but a glance to tell that the "steed of the prairies" was not there.

We eyed each other with looks of disappointment. Even my companions felt that; but a far more bitter feeling was growing upon me as I gazed upon the leaderless troop. Could I have captured and carried back the whole drove, the present would not have purchased one smile from Isolina. The steed was not among them!

He might still be in the neighborhood; or had he forsaken the manada altogether, and gone far away over the wide prairie in search of new conquests? The vaquero believed he was not far off. I had faith in this man's opinion, who, having passed his life in the observation of wild and half-wild horses, had a perfect knowledge of their habits. There was hope then. The steed might be near; perhaps lying down in the shade of the thicket; perhaps with a portion of the manada or some favorite in one of the adjacent glades. If so, our guide assured us we should soon have him in view. He would soon bring the steed upon the ground.

How? Simply by startling the mares, whose neigh of alarm would be heard from afar.

The plan seemed feasible enough; but it was advisable that we should surround the manada before attempting to disturb them, else they might gallop off in the opposite direction before any of us could get near. Without delay, we proceeded to effect the "surround."

The chapparal aided us by concealing our movements; and in half an hour we had deployed round the prairie.

The drove still browsed and played. They had no suspicion that a cordon of hunters was being formed around them, else they would have long since galloped away. Of all wild creatures, the shiest is the wild horse; the deer, the antelope and buffalo are far less fearful of the approach of man. The mustang seems to understand the doom that awaits him in captivity. One could almost fancy that the runaways from the settlements—occasionally seen among them—had poured into their ears the tale of their hardship and long endurance.

I had myself ridden to the opposite side of the prairie, in order to be certain when the circle was complete. I was now alone, having dropped my companions at intervals along the margin of the timber. I had brought with me the bugle, with a note or two of which I intended to give the alarm to the mares. I had placed myself in a clump of mezquite trees, and was about raising the horn to my lips, when a shrill scream from behind caused me to bring down the instrument, and turn suddenly in my seat. For a moment I was in doubt as to what could have produced such a singular utterance, when a second time it fell on my ear, and I then recognized it. It was the neigh of the prairie stallion!

Near me was a break in the thicket, a sort of avenue leading out into another prairie. In this I could hear the hoof-stroke of a horse going at a gallop. As fast as the underwood would allow, I pressed forward and came out upon the edge of the open ground; but the sun, low down, flashed in my eyes, and I could see no object distinctly. The tread of the hoofs and the shrill neighing still rang in my ears. Presently, the dazzling light no longer quite blinded me; I shaded my eyes with my hand, and could perceive the form of a noble steed stretching in full gallop down the avenue, and coming in the direction of the manada. Half-a-dozen springs brought him opposite; the beam was no longer in my eyes; and as he galloped past, I saw before me the "white steed of the prairies." There was no mistaking the marks of that splendid creature; there was the snow-white body, the ears of jetty blackness, the blue muzzle, the red projected nostril, the broad oval quarters, the round and symmetrical limbs—all the points of an incomparable steed!

Like an arrow, he shot past. He did not arrest his pace for an instant, but galloped on in a direct line for the drove.

The mares had answered his first signal with a responsive neigh; and tossing up their heads, the whole manada was instantly in motion. In a few seconds, they stood at rest again, *formed in line*—as exact as could have been done by a troop of cavalry—and fronted their leader as he galloped up. Indeed, standing as they were, with their heads high in the air, it was easy to fancy them mounted men in the array of battle; and often have the wild-horses been mistaken for such by the prairie traveller!

Concealment or stratagem could no longer avail; the chase was fairly up. Speed and the lazo must now decide the result; and with this conviction, I gave Moro the spur and bounded into the open plain. The neighing of the steed had signalled my companions, who shot almost simultaneously out of the timber, and spurred towards the drove, yelling as they came.

I had no eyes for aught but the white steed, and after him I directed myself. On nearing the line of mares, he halted in his wild gallop, twice reared his body upward, as if to reconnoitre the ground; and then, uttering another of his shrill screams, broke off in a direct line towards the edge of the prairie. A wide avenue leading out in that direction seemed to have guided his instincts. The manada followed, at first galloping in line; but this was soon broken, as the swifter individuals passed ahead of the others, and the drove became strung out upon the prairie.

Through the opening now swept the chase—the pursuers keenly plying the spur, the pursued straining every muscle to escape.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HUNT OF THE WILD-HORSE.

My gallant horse soon gave proof of his superior qualities. One after another of my companions was passed; and as we cleared the avenue and entered a second prairie, I found myself mixing with the hindmost of the wild mares. Pretty creatures some of them were; and upon any other occasion, I should have been tempted to fling a lazo over one of them, which I might easily have done. Then I only thought of getting them out of the way, as they were hindering my onward gallop. Before we had quite crossed the second prairie, I had forged into the front rank, and the mares, seeing I had headed them, broke to the right and left, and scattered away. All were now behind me, all, but the white steed; he alone kept the course, at intervals uttering that same shrill neigh, as if to tantalise and lure me on. He was yet far in advance, and apparently running *at his ease!*

The horse I bestrode needed neither spur nor guidance; he saw before him the object of the chase, and he divined the will of his rider. I felt him rising under me like a sea-wave. His hoofs struck the turf without impinging upon it. At each fresh spring, he came up with elastic rebound, while his flanks heaved with the conscious possession of power.

Before the second prairie was crossed, he had gained considerably upon the white steed; but to my chagrin, I now saw the latter dash right into the thicket.

I found a path, and followed. My ear served to guide me, for the branches crackled as the wild-horse broke through. Now and then I caught glimpses of his white body, glancing among the green leaves.

Apprehensive of losing him, I rode recklessly after, now breasting the thicket, now tracing its labyrinthine aisles. I heeded not the thorny mimosas; my horse heeded them not; but large trees of the false acacia (*robinia*) stood thickly in the way, and their horizontal branches hindered me. Often was I obliged to bend flat to the saddle, in order to pass under them. All this was in favor of the pursued, and against the pursuer.

I longed for the open prairie, and to my relief it at length appeared, not yet quite treeless but studded with timber "islands." Amid these the white steed was sailing off; but in passing through the thicket, he had gained ground, and was now a long way in advance of me. He was making for the open plain that lay beyond; and this showed that it was his habit to trust to his heels for safety. Perhaps, with such a pursuer, he would have been safer to have kept the chapparal; but that remained to be seen.

In ten minutes' time, we had passed through the timber islands, and now the prairie—the grand, limitless prairie—stretched before us, far beyond the reach of vision.

On goes the chase over its grassy level—on till the trees are no longer behind us, and the eye sees nought but the green savannah, and the blue canopy arching over it—on across the centre of that vast circle which has for its boundary the whole horizon!

The rangers, lost in the mazes of the chapparal, have long since fallen off; the mustangs have gone back; on all that wide plain, but two objects appear—the snow-white form of the flying steed, and the dark horseman that follows!

It is a long, wild ride, a cruel gallop for my matchless Moro. Ten miles of the prairie have we passed—more than that—and as yet I have neither used whip nor spur. The brave steed needs no such prompting; he, too, has his interest in the chase—the ambition not to be outrun. My motive is different; I think only of the smiles of a woman; but such motive ere now has led to the loss of a crown or the conquest of a world. On, Moro! on! you must overtake him or die!

There is no longer an obstacle. He cannot hide from us here. The plain, with its sward of short grass, is level and smooth as the sleeping ocean; not an object intrudes upon the sight. He cannot conceal himself anywhere. There is still an hour of sunlight; he cannot hide from us in the darkness; ere that comes down, he shall be our captive. On, Moro! on!

On we glide in silence. The steed has ceased to utter his taunting neigh; he has lost confidence in his speed; he now runs in dread. Never before has he been so sorely pressed. He runs in silence, and so, too, his pursuer. Not a sound is heard but the stroke of the galloping hoofs—an impressive silence, that betokens the earnestness of the chase.

Less than two hundred yards separate us; I feel certain of victory. A touch of the spur would now bring Moro within range; it is time to put an end to this desperate ride. Now, brave Moro, another stretch, and you shall have rest!

I look to my lazo; it hangs coiled over the horn of my saddle; one end is fast to a ring and staple firmly riveted in the tree-wood. Is the loop clear and free? It is. The coil—is it straight? Yes, all as it should be.

I lift the coil, and rest it lightly over my bridle arm; I separate the noose, and hold it in my right hand. I am ready—*God of Heaven! the steed!*

It was a wild exclamation, but it was drawn from me by no common cause. In arranging my lazo, I had taken my eyes from the chase, only for a moment; when I looked out again, *the horse had disappeared!*

With a mechanical movement I drew bridle, almost wrenching my horse upon his haunches; indeed, the animal had half-halted of his own accord, and with a low whimper seemed to express terror. What could it mean? Where was the wild horse?

I wheeled round, and round again, scanning the prairie on every side—though a single glance might have served. The plain, as already described, was level as a table; the horizon bounded the view; there was neither rock nor tree, nor bush nor weeds, nor even long grass. The sward was of the kind known upon the prairies as "buffalo-grass," (*Sesleria dactyloides*) short when full grown, but then rising scarcely two inches above the soil. A serpent could hardly have found concealment under it, but a horse— Merciful heaven! *where was the steed?*

An indefinable feeling of awe crept over me; I trembled; I felt my horse trembling between my thighs. He was covered with foam and sweat; so was I—the effects of the hard ride; but the cold perspiration of terror was fast coming upon me. The mystery was heavy and appalling!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelets:—

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID;

and

THE WITHERED HEART.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.
An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confessions," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.
Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.
By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"Our Parting;" "A Voice Within;" "Thoughts of a Melancholy Hour."

Z. Z. Z. MS. received. We will read it, and inform you of our decision as soon as possible. Send us your post office address.

J. B. S. We think it is always unwise to go to law unless compelled by absolute necessity. In the case you mention, it would be extremely unwise.

M. J. H. Received and forwarded.

A HARRISBURG READER. The receipt for making shirt bosoms glossy, as given in THE POST of Jan. 3rd, is two ounces of fine, white gum arabic, powdered, to a pint of boiling water. Cover it, let it stand all night, pour it off carefully in the morning, bottle and cork it for use. A tablespoonful in a pint of starch will give the linen, when ironed, the required gloss.

C. L. L. MSS. must always be forwarded for examination, before any decision can be given upon them.

REMINISCENCES. Respectfully declined.

NEW TYPE.

The POST appears in a suit of new type this week—all but the heading, which was not finished in time for this week's number. New type gives a paper a clean and bright appearance, but, for our part, we always think it looks better after being worn a week or two than at first.

MR. DEMPSTER, THE VOCALIST.

The accomplished ballad singer, Mr. Dempster, has returned to the United States again, having concluded his visit to his native land. In England he visited the poet Tennyson, to whom he sang "The May Queen," a ballad which owes much of its immediate popularity to Mr. Dempster, and the singing of which materially increased the demand for Tennyson's poems in this country. We shall all be glad to hear Mr. Dempster's pure tenor in the sweet Scotch songs he sings so well. He has commenced his concert tour by singing in Philadelphia, and goes from hence to the other cities and towns of our land. Those who have not heard him may take the word of those who have, that "there will be music wherever he goes."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 216—Adults 89, and children 127.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH AGAIN.

We announced in our paper of April 11th, that Mrs. Southworth had declined to fulfill her promise relative to writing a short and condensed novelet for the Post. As Mrs. Southworth has recently publicly stated that her promise was only "verbal and *conditional*," we judge that she has altogether forgotten the writing of the following letter—a few lines in which we italicise:—

[*Mrs. Southworth to H. Peterson.*]

PROSPECT COTTAGE, August 20th, 1856.

Dear Mr. Peterson—

I was very glad to get your letter this morning—though I anticipated, of course, the usual complaint—the "tremendous length" of Vivia, and the usual question—"When will it be finished?" Well it seems to me that I am winding it up now.

My programme for next year is to write three novelettes, one for Mr. Bailou, one for C. J. Peterson, and *one for yourself*. I waived an engagement with the New York Ledger and other papers for the present for want of time.

How could you ask me if I "cut the connection entirely with the Post?" What sort of a heart do you imagine I possess? To do that would be to cut one of my heart-strings, and let go the sweetest and dearest associations and memories of my literary life. *Be sure that as long as my work is worth anything to you, you shall have it*; and when my day of strength and freshness shall be past, believe me, that I shall not be so ungenerous as to wish to force upon you the dregs of an exhausted mind. The length of the next story can be managed if I write the whole of it before you begin to print it. I shall have to act upon Cooper's plan of *measurement* before I begin. For well I know that if once I begin a story on the old plan I shall find myself, as the hymn says,

"Bound on a voyage of awful length"

You have now a whole chapter of copy for Vivia on hand, and you can put it all in if you please, as I have another whole chapter here which I must correct and copy before sending. All are well here except myself, &c., &c., &c.

Give my love to all friends. Now then in future have nothing but good and kind thoughts of me.

Your friend always,

E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

We have not a copy of the letter to which the above was an answer; but it clearly appears from Mrs. Southworth's epistle, that we had asked her whether it was her purpose to "cut the connection *entirely* with the Post," we having signified to her that we no longer desired to publish her long novelets, and, of course, no longer expected to *monopolize* her pen.

The date of the above letter was August 20th. In October, Mrs. Southworth visited Philadelphia and spent some days; and some time afterwards, we think it was in the winter, made another but shorter visit. As to what passed at the interviews in our office upon those occasions, we fortunately happen to have some proof. Our Assistant Editor, Mr. W. D. O'Connor, who was present, authorizes us to say that he heard the conversation between ourself and Mrs. Southworth, relative to the story to be written for THE POST, and also that relative to the best employment of Mrs. Southworth's pen in the future. *That Mrs. Southworth appended no condition whatever to the promise to write a story, which she repeated at that time—and that he distinctly recollects that we recommended Mrs. Southworth to conclude an engagement in addition with the New York Ledger, as the best that she probably, would be able to make.* His statement, it will be seen, is thus entirely consistent with Mrs. Southworth's letter.

We trust that after Mrs. Southworth has refreshed her memory a little by perusing the above letter, and calling to mind the conversations alluded to, she will be prepared to admit that her promise to us was strictly unconditional. She should further bear in mind:—

1. That at the time she made the engagement with us, she had concluded no engagement with any other paper. And that, of course, no after engagement could vitiate her promise to us.

2. That our announcement of our having the promise of "a short and condensed novelet" from her pen, was made in the Post of November 8th—and that not a word was said relative to not writing the story until a letter from her of Jan. 29th—between two and three months afterwards.

3. That our paper during that space of over two and a-half months was mailed regularly to her address; the announcement being published in it weekly, and doubtless seen by her weekly.

But enough said. We should not have troubled our readers with even this much upon the subject, had not Mrs. Southworth's refusal to furnish us with the story, opened us to suspicion as not dealing fairly with the public. As to Mrs. Southworth's story itself, that is of comparatively little consequence. We trust to be able to prove to our readers before the expiration of the year—if we have not proved it already—that they will lose nothing by her withdrawal from our list of contributors.

One word more—and that because it affords a rather amusing instance of unnecessary exertion. It appears that at the very time that we were advising Mrs. S. to complete an engagement with the *New York Ledger*, that paper was anxiously striving to wrest from us the "prize" which we were exerting ourselves to obtain for it. That Mrs. Southworth yielded to the influence from both sides, is scarcely to be wondered at. Our only complaint is that in "*cutting out of her heart strings, and letting go the sweetest and dearest associations of her literary life*," she should have done it in so ruthless a manner.

BURNS, IOWA.—A correspondent writes us from the new city of Burns, Iowa, giving us a brief account of that place. He states that its site was first thought of as a point for a town about one year ago. Since that time it has been laid out in the most approved modern style, and now contains a population of 1,200, and is operating under a city charter, granted by the last legislature. It has a large and well-sustained weekly newspaper, *The Commercial*, and will soon have another. Every steamer passing up or down the Mississippi brings additions to the population. Situated at the mouth of the Iowa river, where the Philadelphia and Council Bluffs Railroad crosses the Mississippi, Burns has great advantages, and its enterprising citizens are using all their energy to improve upon them. Every kind of business is prospering there, and its future prospects are flattering.

THE CONCERT BY THE BLIND.—The Concert and Exhibition, last week, by the pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, was very numerously attended—the Musical Fund Hall being crowded with an appreciative and sympathising audience. The performances were very creditable to the pupils. On future occasions, however, it is to be hoped that so long a programme will not be announced. We stayed two hours and a half, and then Part 2 was only half concluded. In fact, it is a general fault with concert givers, that they "give too much for the money," and the audience is tired out. People should be sent away fresh, and then they will feel a desire to go soon again.

☞ The man whose feelings were "worked up," has ordered a fresh supply.

THE TOBACCO QUESTION.

The cheap press in England are at present occupied with a protracted discussion of the tobacco question, in which our funny friend, *Punch*, wickedly and wittily leads a hand. One of the ancient writers represents that the loudest noise of battles is not caused by the mundane combatants, but by the multitudinous hosts of disembodied spirits who meet in ghostly feud above the embodied ghosts below, and fight with the long-continued and aggravated hate of centuries. Judging by the sound and fury of the debate we allude to, one might be tempted to assent to the doctrine of the old writer, and imagine that all the pro-tobacconists and anti-tobacconists of all the ages, with Sir Walter Raleigh and Jean Nicot heading one side and King James the other, had met in spiritual discussion—or rather concussion—above the earthly disputants, so loud and strong are the blasts and counter-blasts, and the clash of conflicting opinions. The peculiarity of the debate is that most of the participants are medical men, and that on this plain question—"Is the use of tobacco injurious to health?"—they are at loggerheads. Who shall decide when the doctors disagree?

Captain Marryat begins one of his entertaining novels with the pensive exclamation, "What a happy world this would be if everybody smoked," and it was, we believe, Franklin who furnished the public with the image of a celestial messenger bearing his gift of blessing to the earth in the shape of a tobacco seed, and sowing it in a hill. According to this and similar philosophy, our Dutch neighbors ought by this time to be at the very apex of beatification, and Holland should have seen the dawn of the Millennium long ago. We shrewdly suspect that all the manifold and multiform assertions and arguments in favor of the use of tobacco, are fully as capable of being reduced to absurdity. Careful investigation does not discover the flyaway happiness at the bottom of either white-clay pipes or nut-brown meerschaums, or wrapped up in Manilla cheroots or Cuban cigars.

That smoking is a most pleasing practice, no one who has had experiences can deny. But with regard to its healthfulness there is but one opinion among experienced smokers when not in a state of antagonism or controversy—and that opinion is as broadly and strongly adverse to the habit as Charles Lamb's was. It avails nothing to bring up the instances of individuals who have smoked sedulously, and yet lived long and enjoyed health. These are but the exceptions to the rule, and if the question is to be decided on such evidence, it can be shown that for every one such instance there are a thousand to the contrary. A sound and strong constitution living in general obedience to the laws of health, can often violate with seeming impunity some particular law. Yet it is but seeming, and the effect of such violation is surely an actual though invisible deterioration. Every deflection from the laws of well-being, produces an evil result which though imperceptible to us, follows the transgressor through all his life, until atoned for by a repentant return to rectitude. Every injury, perceptible or imperceptible, which an individual inflicts upon his own system, is not only avenged upon him, but is begrandfathered in disease and suffering to his offspring. The parent appears in the children. Petty vices and indulgences, which never seemed to produce any obvious effect on those who practiced them, have shown their effects in after generations. Thus, a race of moderate drinkers are seen to culminate at length in some dreadful drunkard. Out of long licentious centuries at last outbreaks the insane lust of the Borgias. A pettily passionate or revengeful line is spotted at various epochs with murderers. Every excess or restraint of appetite, every propensity to vice or virtue, everything we say or think or do, is pregnant with palpable effects for good or evil, and will surely bring forth in the appointed time.

That the habit of using tobacco either in moderation or excess, is, in various degrees, an injury to the constitution, there can be no doubt. It is not necessary to argue the question. Setting aside the opinions of the medical men who now discuss the matter in England, we have the testimony of the most eminent physicians and physiologists as to its perniciousness. Its harmfulness may be safely laid down as the generalization, and like all generalizations it is cognizant of the exceptions. As to its baneful effects upon the young, there is no question. Every physician agrees that it interferes with the formation of the tissues, softens the growing brain, and interrupts the development of the muscular system. As a general thing, young men in cities, where the employments are necessarily sedentary, or to a great degree inactive, are, when habituated to tobacco, disposed to slothfulness, indifference, and weakness of the mental faculties which is manifested in careless business habits, aversion to energetic and complex commercial action, a disposition to make money with as little outlay of enterprise or effort as possible—often leading to easy fraudulent schemes—and an equivalent disposition to squander money when made. In such cases the inertia induced by the use of the weed, is uncounteracted by any necessity for physical activity.

Apart from all medical testimony, however, we have the common and often expressed conviction of persons who have "thought and smoked tobacco" for numbers of years—a conviction decidedly unfavorable to the practice. Such testimony amounts to very strong evidence. It may be said that such evidence touches only the abuse and not the use. But tobacco is poisonous. When used immoderately its operations are rapid. When used in moderation, it is still a slow poison, which may not, perhaps, abbreviate life, but which certainly vitiates health in a greater or less degree.

The nicotine, or poisonous principle, which tobacco contains, is undoubtedly the cause of its deleterious effect upon Christian nations. Among the Orientals, the nicotine is extracted by the use of the hookah, or narghileh, as the vehicle of the tobacco. The narghileh, as it is called in Persia and other parts of the East, or the hookah, as it is called in India, is, as many of our readers know, a pipe so arranged that the smoke from the burning tobacco passes through water, by which the nicotine is detached from it, and the smoke thus purified proceeds to the lips of the smoker. Smoking in the East, unlike smoking here, acts as a physical sedative, and not a stimulant;—that is, when tobacco only is used, and not opium. Yet even there, though the unnicotined smoke does not affect the physical health, it does unnerve and enervate the spirit. Time was when the Orient was the great mercantile quarter of the globe, and Bagdad and Constantinople the great emporiums of commerce. The soft sedative of the seductive narghileh has soothed the fiery and striving spirit, and the Oriental lolls, lazy and meditative, or sits silently in the gorgeous and delirious calm of an opium dream.

One of the most baneful effects of even moderate smoking is its tendency to deaden men to the spur of conscience or duty. Men who are unhappy because they have been, or are, inactive, or neglectful, or because they have sinned, left to the incentive of their own suffering, would be stimulated or goaded by it to better lives—But they seek solace in the curious narcotic, and the mind, occupied by alien physical sensations, is diverted from the considerations which would else hold its undivided attention. The moral nature is thus drugged, the interior development of the man is impeded, his restless energies are laid to sleep, and his progress retarded.

Yet the tobacco question, like every other question, has its other side. The use of the weed, which is a luxury to the rich and the happy, is a solace to the suffering and the poor. In the sad and hard state of society in which we live, there are persons whose burdens are almost heavier than they can bear, and to such the use of tobacco is a cheap comfort which lightens their spirits, and, it may be, often deters from crime by softening desperation, and soothes the cares and perturbations which might else end in lunacy. The laborer, in his poor, cheerless, squalid home, the jaded, over-driven, ill-y-paid employee, the sailor on his desolate watch, in the damp night, with the wet, the cold, the storm, the unwholesome vessel, and all his discomforts around him, and the motley multitude of the wretched and the poor of every condition and degree, whose fate is hard, and whose lives have little cheer, all these find a refuge and relief in the use of the weed, which, bad as it is, is better to them than what they might feel without it. Not only these, but people in higher social position, temper, with this narcotic, suffering which might else prove unendurable. Much and strongly as we may be opposed to it, how can we take it away from them until we are able to supply its place with something better? Take it away, and what remains to narcotize the anxiety, still the discontent, or soothe the cares which these persons feel?

After all, no one of us can settle such a question for any one else. By that sense of right, existent in the heart of each and every person, we must be tried and guided. In the minor matters as in the greater things of life, the judge in our own breasts must decide for us. What better can one do when he proposes to himself an indulgence in this habit of which we speak, than to ask himself—Is it right for me?—and if his conscience says aye, to indulge, and if no, to refrain?

New Publications.

America and Europe. By Adam G. De Gurowski. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The most remarkable work since De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." It is noticeable for its wide knowledge and erudition, its penetrating analysis, its intelligence and generosity of its ideas, and its terse eloquence. Its leading aim is to point out, with their causes, the dissimilarities which distinguish the American from the European social and political organism. America, the author thinks, has incarnated the idea of liberty, which, he asserts, is the cohesive and constructive principle of society and government, while Europe has incarnated the idea of authority, which is less cohesive and constructive. The author, Count Gurowski, is understood to be a Polish nobleman, formerly in high favor with the Russian government, and now an exile. He has been for several years, we believe, a resident of this country, and is valued as a man who combines with great intellectual gifts the results of study, travel, and a fortunate and intimate experience of European life.

The World's Own. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is the play which the author of "Passion Flowers" wrote for Miss Heron, and about which such a furor has been made. It has a few fine lines, and some strong dramatic effects, but its merits are inconsiderable in comparison with its faults, and it cannot hold any worthy place in literature. Its type is in the plays of such authors as Maturin and Shiel, to which, however, it is altogether inferior.

Hansford. A Tale of Bacon's Rebellion. By St. George Tucker. G. M. West, Richmond, Virginia. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

One of the most striking pages of Virginia history is here rendered into a romance of more than ordinary vigor and beauty.

Blind Tom, or the Lost and Found. William S. and Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

Evelyn Grey, by J. Macgown. William S. and Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

The Chinese Sugar Cane, and Sugar Making. By Charles F. Stansbury. C. M. Saxton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Sylvia, or the Last Shepherd, and other Poems, by Thomas Buchanan Read. Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.

Scandal, by Mrs. J. T. Bickford. Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

Bragelonne, the Son of Athos, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is the title of the third volume of Alexander Dumas' admirable Guardsmen novels.

American Notes and Queries (W. Brotherhead, Philadelphia,) is the title of a monthly publication recently commenced, on the plan of the well-known English publication of the same name. It is devoted to various matters of antiquarian and literary interest, and must prove highly entertaining and valuable.

Far on the dim horizon,
As in the land of dreams,
Rises a white-towered city,
Fading 'mid sunset gleams.
The evening breeze is wreathing
The water where I float;
And in solemn measure, the sailor
Keeps time as he rows my boat.
Once more the sunlight flashes,
In wondrous glory round,
And lights up the foaming water,
Where she I loved was drowned.

—*Heinrich Heine.*

☞ Most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants; have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually.—*Emerson.*

☞ Pope says: "A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

☞ Youth and Idleness.—"There! leave the entrenchment, and go tell the captain you are the idlest rascal in the regiment." "Plaise yer riverence an' honor," replied the soldier thus addressed, "plaise yer riverence, yo would not have me go with a lie in my mouth."

☞ He that marries for beauty alone is like buyers of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

DWARF VEGETATION IN CHINA.

The dwarf vegetation of China is peculiar to that country. I have had in my possession an oak, two feet high, bearing acorns, and its trunk exhibiting all the external marks of an aged tree. I have also had orange and citron trees of the same size, bearing fruit of a very fine flavor. One of these orange trees used to produce at the same moment, incipient buds, blossoms in full flower, fruit newly set, and of full size, in a green state, and ripe. But the greatest curiosity I had was a Bamboo-tree two feet and a half high, so distorted as to represent a dragon with a boy seated on his back.

I had a very curious *Camelia Japonica*; I never heard of, or saw one like it in China. It was of a unique, bright purple color. The Chinese could not have dyed it, as it bloomed in my own possession. The flower was large and its form was perfect. All these dwarfs of the vegetable world were the gift of a valued friend, who took some pains to procure them for me; but the air of Hong Kong destroyed them, as it does every thing else. I have seen a lychee tree, whose natural size is that of a full-grown mulberry-tree, dwarfed into one or three feet: its trunk had all the appearance of old timber, and the branches tapered similar to those on a natural sized tree. I have heard of an orange tree being distorted into the form of a man's hand; but I did not see it. The mode of dwarfing is simple; the branch of a full-grown tree is covered with mould, which is bound round with cloth or matting, and kept constantly wet; the fibres of the branch thus covered soon shoot into the mould, and then the branch is carefully cut from the tree, the bandage is removed, and it is planted in new earth. The fibres then become roots, and thus that which was previously a branch on the parent tree becomes a trunk, bearing flowers and fruit. The buds at the extremity of the branches which are intended to be dwarfed, are torn off as soon as they appear, and by this means the branches are arrested in their growth, and other buds and branches shoot out. After a certain time, sugar juice is applied to the trunk of the dwarf-tree, by which means insects are attracted, and thus the bark is injured, and that knotted appearance is produced, peculiar to old trees. When it is proposed to give any particular form to a tree, the branches are bent into shape, and retained by means of pieces of bamboo.—*China and the Chinese.*

☞ "I have passed through great hardships," as the schooner said, after sailing through a fleet of iron steamships.

☞ Mrs. Nonesogood regards every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment.

☞ Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ Danton, one morning, during the period of anarchy in France, looked from his window, and said to his Lucille: "Be quiet, my dear; there will be no revolution to-day, for it is raining! The French are only capable of revolt when the sun is shining."

☞ Sir William Temple has observed that the love of gardens is the only passion which augments with age, and adds that all men eat fruit who can get it; so that the choice is only whether one will eat good or bad; and all things produced in a garden, whether of salads or fruits, a poor man will eat better who has a garden of his own, than a rich man who has none.

☞ One of the maxims of Confucius is, "that a man ought to change often if he would be constant to wisdom;" and another that "in the state wherever we are, perseverance in well doing consists not so much in not falling, as to rise again as often as we fall."

As in India, one day, an Englishman sat,
With a smart native lass at the window;
"Do your widows burn themselves? pray tell me that?"
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.
"Do they burn?" the gentleman said,
"With a flame not so easy to smother—
Our widows, the moment one husband is dead,
Immediately burn—for another!"

☞ Hot.—A grammarian, last summer, conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style:—"Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentotter, hottentotest; hottentotissimo, hottentotissimus, hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as four ovens,, hot as seven ovens hot.

Up again, brother! heed not a fall!
Rough is the highway, slips chance to all!
Rise to your feet, then! have a good heart,
Now, looking forward, make a fresh start.
Up, then, and onward; never despair,
Morn may be cloudy, noon may be fair.

☞ In times of yore a good housewife having received a pound of coffee, boiled it and served it up with parsley and butter. She declared that they were the worst peas that she had ever seen, as she had boiled them two hours, and yet they remained quite hard!

☞ The common trinkets of literature are continually changing their form, but its diamonds are never out of fashion.

☞ The Discontented Farmer.—Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

☞ A Hard Hit.—"Dr. Emmons, can you tell me what I am to understand by *the soul* of man?" "No," was the reply; I cannot tell a man that *hasn't got any.*"

☞ There is an inscription on a tombstone at La Point, Lake Superior, which reads as follows: "John Smith, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

☞ "What's in a Name."—Beware of top-heavy names, such as Byron, Washington, and Shakspeare, which only serve to belittle the wearer. Better by half call them all John and Mary. Give them good, plain, manly, spelling-book titles, and then if any man nicknames your child, prosecute him for slander.

☞ There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts, that is to be had no where else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ "Oh!" said the charming Miss Flouncetofits, what a sweet dress is a sailor's! See that open collar, with its black silk tie! How romantic! I declare it is perfectly enchanting." "Well, if it is enchanting and romantic," said the growling old papa, "why don't you embody the idea in one word, and call it neckromantic?"

☞ Nothing Like a Trial.—A young gentleman, the other day, asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general. "Not knowing, I cannot tell," was the reply; "but if you and I would put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

☞ Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk, but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

Paris Letter.

The Pleasures of Hope—Palm-Sunday and Easter—A Precious Flower—Fashionable Ambition—Failure of American Banker—Arago and Dupuytren—Caterpillar Lace—Public Nurseries—Apostolic Curing.

Paris, April 9th, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Very mild weather, and showers of luke-warm water coming down at short intervals, are keeping us in a deplorable state of mind; but vegetation is thriving so famously on this regime of tepid baths and sunshine that one has not the heart to complain. If only the mysterious vine-disease do not blight our prospects of delicious white grapes—sweet as sugar, translucent as pale green agate or chalcedony, browned to the hue of ripe wheat on the side kissed by the sun, and so altogether ecstatic to taste as well as to sight, that the thought of them fills one with something of the yearning (half sensuous, and two-thirds poetic!) with which the heart of the exile goes out after the beloved father-land, and the soul of a Simon Stylites leaps up toward the mystic beauty and beatitudes of the Unseen! grapes, in fact, worth all the purple ones that ever were grown, and which, if the promise of the season hold good, will probably be selling, four months hence, at six sous, nay, even at *four* per pound.

Last Sunday being Palm-Sunday, was a grand day with the priests. Branches of box, duly consecrated for the occasion, are distributed in the churches; and the ladies, and the *bonnes* have been flocking thither in crowds, bringing home the consecrated sprays which they stick up over the little crucifixes, and in the arms of the little Madonnas hung above their beds, where they will do sentinel-duty against the Powers of Darkness, until they shall be exchanged for fresh ones on the recurrence of the festival. Through the week the heads of the omnibus-horses have been decorated in the same manner; and all the *gamins* have been sporting twigs of the precious plant in their ragged button-holes.

To-morrow is Good-Friday; and the usual mummeries of the day will be in full blast. Sunday next being Easter, the confectioners and egg-dealers are coming out in great glory, all the children of Paris are on the *qui vive* for their *œufs de Pagues*, (Easter eggs.) These are of various kinds, made of chocolate, or of sugar, and of all sizes, from eggs as big as peas, under the tutelary brooding of a humming-bird, and contained in a tiny basket or nest of moss, to the great eggs of the ostrich and caroar, which open in two valves like a box, and disclose to the eyes of their delighted little recipients, dolls, sewing-tackle, knife and fork, crucifix and rosary, a little mirror, a fan, a bracelet, a brush and comb, and other surprises too numerous to mention. The prettiest of these Easter-gifts—as much looked for French children as are New Year's presents—are the nests full of eggs, with a beautiful bird setting upon them, and perched in the branches of trees, which trees display their verdure, flowers, and fruit, with lavish abundance, in a pretty garden with sanded alleys, flower-beds, and a Swiss cottage delicately constructed of white wood, or gaily-painted, as the case may be. Some of the large nests, presided over by a large and glossy bird of Paradise, with rainbow plumage, and glorious tail, are really extremely beautiful. After the New Year, which surpasses all other periods in shoppy splendor, the *boutiques* of the toy, chocolate, and sugar-plum dealers are more brilliant at Easter than at any other part of the year. The kindly French heart retains in after life as much of the *child* (we will not say the *childish*, though we should perhaps not be very far out,) that it has always a large place for little people; and their pleasures, amusements, and happiness are always taken largely into consideration by the rest of the world.

The Famous Golden Rose, which the Pope blesses every spring, and sends as a mark of special favor to some prince, princess, or church, has just received the Pontifical benediction; but it is not yet known who will be the fortunate recipient this year. Last Spring's rose was given to the Empress of the French; it is about a foot and a half high—a bush in fact—containing a mass of branches and flowers, the central blossom being the one on which the "benediction" has descended.

While the churches are crowded with fashionables during the early hours of the day, the nightly galeties, already referred to as going on here with such uncommon vigor, do not suffer from the matutinal devotions of the leaders of fashion and display. Not content with invading the regions of the drama, and contesting their laurels with professional actors, the gay world has taken to giving amateur concerts, and is applauding its own musical accomplishments as highly as its dramatic powers. Thus, a few nights ago, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski, (an "irregular" cousin-german of his majesty the Emperor,) gave a concert, in which took part Madame Juva, Mm'lle Chotard, Prince Poniatowski, and the Count Aguado. All the noble performers were rapturously applauded by their noble audience.

Many of the Americans here, so conspicuous for the zeal with which they take part in the gaieties of the capital, are suddenly disturbed in their dissipation, by the unwelcome failure of Messrs. Greene & Co., the American bankers. On some of these, as also, (and still more cruelly, from their comparative poverty,) on some of the subordinate members of the American Legation here, this failure will weigh rather heavily; for it is not given to everybody to put up with pecuniary or other losses with the *sang-froid* that distinguishes some few of the world's philosophers, under the vexations and damages of this "troublesome world." Of this sort of heroism, the late astronomer Arago was a striking example. The favorite ornament of the study of the great *Savan*, was a curious and magnificent barometer, given him, if I remember rightly, by Sir Humphrey Davy, and that must have cost at least two hundred guineas. An old servant, one fine morning, in the too zealous manipulation of feather-brush and duster, whisked from its nail the splendid instrument, which broke to pieces on the floor. The old servant, knowing how highly his master prized it, stood aghast, speechless, at seeing the mischief.

"'Tis of no consequence," said Arago, gently, "only I think it must be going to rain, for certainly I never saw my barometer so low."

Arago's absentness of mind was, however, at least as remarkable as his passive philosophy.—When going through the streets, pondering some terribly complex computation, he would work out his problem on a wall, a door, or a shutter, laboring away with his chalk, in perfect unconsciousness of the world around him, and passing half-a-day rooted to the spot, while his appointments at school and elsewhere were totally forgotten. It is related of him that one day, being absorbed in a mental pursuit of this description, the absent-minded astronomer drew out his chalk, and began cyphering away rapidly on the back of a baker's van that happened to be standing in the street. Presently the cars moved on a few paces, stopping at the house of another customer; the philosopher following, and using his chalk, without heeding the motion of his "blackboard." The van then pursued its course along the street, but slowly; the astronomer continuing his labors without perceiving a motion which entered so little into his calculations. Ere long, however, the van, having delivered its orders, its driver whipped up the horse, which went off at a brisk trot, leaving Arago standing in the middle of the street, greatly amazed and discomfited by the disappearance of his algebra, but totally unable to understand it. A few wags among his pupils would sometimes take advantage of this peculiarity of their Professor, and, when he failed to make his appearance in his class at the College de France, some one of them would go out into the streets leading to his abode, and having found him, would place himself before him and thus draw him forward to the class-room; the Professor, unconscious of the *ruse*, chalking his calculations busily on the back thus opportunely presented.

Most great men have their little oddities. Dupuytren, the great surgeon, who often passed for being cold and hard, though he was really very kind and generous at heart, could not endure to be thanked for any of his good deeds.

"One day," says a former pupil of the illustrious surgeon, "I was returning with Dupuytren to his house. As we got out of his carriage, we saw, waiting at the foot of the staircase, a market porter and his wife, with their five children. This porter, two months before, was to have had his leg amputated; Dupuytren saw him, took him into his division of the hospital, and set himself to cure him without amputation. He succeeded, and the porter, now recovered, had just been dismissed from the hospital. He had come, with his family, to thank their benefactor. As soon as he saw us alight, he took off his cap and bowed low to the doctor, while the mother and the children fell on their knees, and poured out their thanks in chorus, and a little mite of a boy, the youngest of the lot, scrambling quickly to his feet, toddled up to the doctor with a nosegay almost too big for his arms to hold. The doctor, though surprised and touched by the scene, took not the slightest notice of the expressions of gratitude poured forth by these poor people; but he seated himself on the first step of the broad stone staircase, lifted the child upon his knee, and began to chat with him so much to his satisfaction, that the little man was on the most intimate terms with him at once. Dupuytren, who was extremely fond of children, was adored by them, for he had a way with them that opened their little hearts in a moment. So the child hardly found himself on the great man's knee, before he informed his new friend that there was to be a grand dinner given, that very evening, at the *Petite Hotte*, in honor of his father's return, by the porters of the market. 'And thou wilt come, too; say thou wilt come, too,' added the child, using this familiar form of speech, (mark the peculiar intimacy) and putting his hands coaxingly round the doctor's neck. 'To be sure I will, *mon ami*,' returned the doctor, in the same strain; 'I will come and drink a glass of wine with thee.' And putting the child kindly on the head, he set him on the ground, took the proffered bonquet, with a friendly nod to the porter and his wife, and rapidly mounted the staircase to his apartment."

The doctor was as good as his word. Though exceedingly busy, he managed to find time to look in upon the festive scene at *La petite Hotte*, drank a glass of wine, as he had promised, with his little friend, talked with the good folks assembled in honor of his recovered patient, and having won the hearts of the whole assembly, shook hands with the honest porter and his friends, and went off; the guests all declaring that if any mischance ever sent them to the hospital, they would let themselves be treated by nobody but him. "I have seldom passed a pleasanter quarter of an hour," said Dupuytren, when recounting to me the scene; "what vigorous chests, what magnificent muscles! and we, in our absurd disdain, account these honest Hercules our inferiors!"

The suicide-mania, which forms so striking a characteristic of the French, is constantly on the increase, and the forms it assumes are often almost as comical as its spirit is tragical. Think of a father, mother, little daughter and *dog*, all departing this life on the fumes of red-hot charcoal! Think of an old creature of 76, so impatient to be off, that she makes four desperate attempts on her life before succeeding in getting rid of it! The first time, having thrown herself off one of the bridges, she was fished out by a boatman. A few days afterwards she hung herself, but the *concierge* espied her position through the key-hole, forced open the door, and cut her down just in time to save her life. No sooner was she recovered from this attempt, than she shut herself up in her room, with her cat and a pan of charcoal; but pussy, finding the experiment disagreeable, dashed against the window with such force, that she broke a pane, letting herself out upon the leads, and the fresh air in upon her mistress. But a few days afterwards, the old lady, determined to prevent all chance of further disappointment, locked her cat out of her room, carefully stuffed the chimney, the key-hole, and the window, with rags and cotton, lighted a couple of great pans of charcoal, and succeeded in giving up the ghost before any suspicion had been excited in the house. She was well off, and appeared to have no particular cause for disliking existence.

Another case of self-destruction, among the numbers reported every day by the police, is that of a poor inventor, a native of Munich, who had set his heart on perfecting the curious caterpillar lace produced in some parts of Germany. This lace, which is said to be remarkably beautiful, is thus obtained: A paste, prepared from the leaves most in favor with these insects, being spread over a slab or stone, or any smooth surface, the operator, with a fine camel's hair pencil, dipped in olive oil, traces the portions of the design which are to be left uncovered by the little weavers; in other words, the interstices of the future fabric. The stone is then placed on the ground in a slanting position, a number of the caterpillars being placed at its base. These insects, whose thread is remarkably fine and strong, at once begin to devour the paste, creeping upwards in search of it, and carefully avoiding the oil. As they crawl up, they spin incessantly; and their webs, enlaced together over the surface of the stone, form a magnificent tissue, excessively delicate, yet exceedingly strong. A veil thus fabricated, 26½ inches by 17, weighs but a grain and a half. Nine square feet of this novel tissue weigh only four grains and one-third; while the same extent of surface of silk gauze weighs 137 grains, and of the finest thread lace, 262½ grains. The poor inventor had embarked all his pecuniary means in a factory destined to produce this lace in large quantities; his attempt was unsuccessful, and he shut himself up in his laboratory a few days ago, and put an end to his life by means of charcoal.

The very useful Society to which Paris is indebted for its *crèches*, or rooms for the reception of babies and little things just able to walk (literally *mangers*, in allusion to the birth of Jesus), has just held its sixth annual meeting, under the auspices of Cardinal Donnet. It was shown that the 52 nurseries in the Department of the Seine, had received, during the past year, 2,300 children; making in all 150,000 days' nursing. Several of the first artists of the day gave the aid of their talent, musical and dramatic, to the occasion; the proceeds of the entertainment being devoted to the purposes of the Society. Few modern philanthropy have been more signally useful than the opening of these *crèches*. Large, airy, quiet rooms, furnished with bassinets and every requisite for the cleanliness and feeding of the infants, and the means of instruction and amusement for children just learning to use their limbs and their tongues, are abundantly provided. The children are separated according to three divisions of age; all are carefully tended by Sisters of Charity, the mothers coming in from their work to suckle their babies as often as they please, and those who are brought up by hand being fed at stated times. The larger children also have two little repasts daily. The charge for each child is but a few *sous* daily, while the mother is thus enabled to devote the day to some profitable avocation.

A very curious case has just been tried here by the Court of Cassation. The Abbe Fortin, a benevolent old country curate of St. Levis, in Auxerre, has a wonderful knack of setting dislocated bones, curing sprains, and local injuries to nerves. He uses neither medicine, bandages nor lotions; but simply replaces the injured parts and presses gently on them with his hands. His fame is so great that people go to him from miles around. Having been once fined by the local court for "the illegal exercise of surgery," the old priest, since that time, has always sent for the regular "health-officer" of St. Levis, refusing to undertake any case except in his presence, and with his assent. The class of troubles he cures (and he never attempts any other) are cured by him in a few minutes; dislocated shoulders, sprained ankles, &c., getting well under his touch as though by magic. He never accepts a fee, and is so much beloved and respected that the fine of one franc to which he was sentenced by the Dogberrys of the district, was much blamed; and he went on "doing good" as before. A short time ago the thing came to the knowledge of the Procureur-Imperial, who, in his zeal for the letter of the law, determined to put a stop to his proceedings, and had him condemned to a fine of fifteen francs and a month's imprisonment. Against this decision of the local authorities appeal was made by the cure and his friends to the Court of Cassation, to which appertains the supreme decision in all cases. A great number of highly respectable people, among whom were ten honest *ouvriers* cured by the Abbe, were present in court; and detailed with great zeal and gratitude the particulars of their cures. The health-officer, the *maire*, and several physicians were also present, and fully confirmed the testimony of the witnesses. Interrogated as to his mode of cure, the venerable, white-headed cure declared that he did not comprehend it himself, that he was conscious of being able to cure by the pression of his fingers, this class of cases, but no others; and that he supposed others could do as much if they tried. After long and patient investigation, the court gave a verdict—stating that such an action as that proved to be exerted by the Abbe Fortin, in presence of the proper medical authorities, and under their sanction, no medicine being given, and no fee accepted, did not fall under the provisions of the law; and consequently annulled the sentence of the local court, and left the Abbe at liberty to continue his charitable ministrations.

QUANTUM.

Funny Races at Bengal.—At Bengal, some curious stakes have been established—among others, "The Matrimonial Stakes." The principal condition of this race is, that the rider who happens to be the winner, is allowed, as the meed of his victory, to choose from the unmarried ladies of the station, one, who, by the rules of the race, is obliged to marry him. She must take him "for better or for worse," though he may prove much worse than she takes him for.

Another very eccentric stake is called "The Cheroot Stakes." Each rider, on starting, is obliged to light a cigar or cheroot, and to keep it alight until he reaches the winning post, by no means an easy matter to be accomplished. The distance to be run is generally two mile heats, so that the quantity of smoke to be consumed is no trifling one. The start takes place under a perfect cloud, each person puffing like a steam engine at first, to secure a good light; and at the word "off" away goes the smoky congregation at tip-top pace. Some pull suddenly up, for a reason inexplicable to the looker-on. Others bolt in the direction of their bungalows, apparently by mutual consent of horse and rider; whilst some manage to pull through without retaining a light, and, perhaps, one or two of the most inveterate smokers "come in" in as thick a cloud as they departed with. The quantity of smoke swallowed is too plainly indicated by the pale faces of those whose *first* trial at the "Cheroot Stakes" has proved to them that it is not such an easy undertaking as it appears. The second heat is generally left to a select few, as a natural consequence—at the termination of which, both winners and losers are glad enough to relieve their smoke-dried palates with bumpers of pale ale; and for the next month, race dinners, race balls, and gaiety of every description, are the sole occupation to be found at cantonments.

Drawing a Magic Circle.—Reuchlin, an Austrian sage, was once detained in an inn when it was raining very heavily, and, of course, had a book with him. The rain had driven into the common room a large number of persons, who were making a great noise. To quiet them, Reuchlin called for a piece of chalk, and drew with it a circle on the table before which he sat. Within the circle he then drew a cross; and also within it, on the right side of the cross, he placed with great solemnity a cup of water; on the left he stuck a knife upright; then placing a book—a Hebrew one—within the mysterious circle, he began to read, and the spectators who had gathered around him, with their mouths agape, patiently waited for the consequence of this conjuration. The result was, that he finished the chapter he was reading without being distressed even by a whisper of disturbance.

☞ Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much. —*Landor.*

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

Between Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Percival the closest intimacy continued. They were indeed sister spirits. Both had passed through the fire, and both were purer for the ordeal. Mrs. Percival was wiser and stronger; and though the anguish of her soul had been great, no faltering of step or fainting by the way occurred. As a true woman, she had drawn to the side of a suffering sister, and extended a hand for support and guidance. Wise had been her counsels, loving her ministrations, faithful to the highest good her friendship. Neither was happy in her marriage relation—neither had found the soul's true companion—yet, in no instance in all their most intimate intercourse, had either of them uttered a word of reproach against her husband. Personally, no reference involving censure or dislike was ever made to them. That was an indelicacy of which neither was capable. And yet both fully comprehended the other's relation; and each gained strength from the other to act the wife's part faithfully, if not lovingly.

Two years of a new and better life for Mrs. Hardy passed, changing her whole appearance to such a degree, that all who remembered her former drooping form, and shrunken, depressed countenance, wondered as they looked upon her. To her husband, she was, and had been from the beginning of this new state, a mystery. Had he ever comprehended her?

And now another cycle in her life seemed to have been completed; for there was another change. The feeble, exhausted body, which had caught a fresh vigor from the reanimating spirit, and put on the beautiful semblance of health, began to fail steadily but surely. The cheek paled once more, the step grew slow and feeble, the eye weary. Ere the days went down the delicate framework of her body was oppressed by exhaustion.

Quickest to observe this was her husband, and first to propose change and relaxation. All that care and kindness on his part could do; all that the physician's art could accomplish—availed not. The life sources of her being were exhausted. Daily the wasting of her body went on, until she seemed only a shadow that might flit away.

Even amid all this wasting of the feeble body and waning of its life, did she grow more and more attractive in the eyes of her husband. He felt the angelic purity of her character, and trembled as the fatal truth of her quick removal grew daily more apparent. How he longed to win the love of her purified spirit—to draw her into himself—to possess her as his own; and he became the more eager, as the steady recession of her spirit went on, and the sad conviction intruded itself that, in a very little while, he would see her on earth no more.

In no case did Mrs. Hardy repel her husband—in no case manifest, to his perception, the entire alienation of her life from his. Gentle, kind, earnest, thoughtful—she never failed in service, until the steady accumulation of good deeds really oppressed him.

"Do not think so much of my comfort, Jane," he would remark, sometimes, when met by new proofs of her loving care for his pleasure. "Think more of yourself."

Mr. Hardy felt the heavenly warmth of the smile that would play around her lips and over her countenance, but the source of that smile was hidden from his eyes. It lay too far down in the deep places of her soul for his dim vision to reach. It was the smile of an angel, born of heavenly joy in knowing that a truer and better life was kindling in the heart of one who had long been ruled by the spirit of selfishness.

How the strong man bowed himself at the feet of angelic beauty! He was gentle as a child—tender as a woman—devoted as a lover. All the hours of the day seemed spent in thoughtful care for his wife. In the morning he lingered at the bedside, and in the evening hastened home to take his place near her pillow, and hold within his grasp her shadowy hand.

What a new spirit pervaded the household!—what a new life was born among the children! It had been one of the things nearest to the heart of the failing wife and mother to create a true sympathy between the children and their father, so that when she passed from among them, they might draw together by the powerful attraction of love. And she had not worked in vain. For a time, Helen, her oldest daughter, remained like ice towards her father. Thought and perception had, through his cruelty in separating her from her mother, acquired too rapid a development; and the woman's instincts gained maturity faster than the woman's self-controlling reason. The cold selfishness of her father shocked and repelled her, and there were periods when, but for her mother, she would have fled from his presence.

At length Mrs. Hardy succeeded in creating, in the mind of her daughter a feeling of kindness towards her father. She began by assigning to her the daily performance of a certain service that she knew would gratify him. An expression of pleasure on the part of her father was Helen's first reward; then followed a word of praise, when he learned to whose hand he was indebted for a daily service. From that time a new state of feeling was born in the hearts of each. The father and child drew together with an hourly increasing affection, and joined hands lovingly in the work of ministering to the angel of their home, whose wings were already lifting themselves, and ready for the departure.

For the first time in his life, the conviction forced itself upon the mind of John Hardy, that John Hardy was not right! That in stern persistence he had been wrong! What a conviction for a man of his character! What a world of blind, cruel selfishness was revealed to his inward-glancing vision, as light broke in!

The strong man bowed his head, yea, and his humbled spirit also, even to the dust. Memory suddenly became an avenger, holding in her vigorous hand a whip of scorpions as she steadily turned the leaves of his book of life. How earnestly he tried to look away from the past; to shut his eyes, as page after page was unfolded, and the accusing record shown. But that was impossible. What was written was written forever!

Steadily waned the life of Mrs. Hardy, and every day the eyes of watchful love saw new signs of the speedily coming dissolution of soul and body.

"We shall meet again," said Mr. Hardy, as he sat alone with his wife, holding her small shadowy hand in his, just as the twilight began to draw its dusky curtains around them. His voice trembled; for he had spoken in answer to her remark that, in a very little while, she would pass away.

"I know not how that may be," she said, very quietly, and fixing her large, glittering eyes upon his face. "In the world to which I am going, the laws of association are not as the laws of this world, John."

"Oh, Jane! what am I to understand by this?" There was grief in the tones of his voice.

"Only," she replied, "that in the heavenly life, spiritual qualities conjoin. They will be near each other, who are alike in good; and they will be distant from each other, who are dissimilar as to life and affection. The attraction, or repulsion, will be mutual. But only God knows our real internal states, by which the future is determined. If it is well with us as to these, we need have no concern."

Mr. Hardy felt the words of his wife like sharp thrusts of glittering steel. How calmly she spoke! What a placid, almost angelic expression was in her countenance, as she talked of the laws of conjunction and dissociation in the future life—laws which, if they really prevailed, would hold them apart forever!

"I know not how that may be. In the world to which I am going, the laws of association are not as the laws of this world." Such was her calm, even-toned answer, to his almost tearfully uttered assurance of a meeting in Heaven. It was thus she removed from under his feet the frail support on which they rested, as the waters of sorrow commenced to roar around him. He covered his face with his hands, and sat silent for many minutes.

"Can you not forgive the past? Oh, Jane! if, through blind error, I wronged you once, have I not sought in all possible ways, to make atonement?"

Mr. Hardy looked up, and spoke with a sudden energy.

A shadow dimmed the face of his wife, and tears sprang to her eyes.

"We have both need of forgiveness, John," she replied; "I perhaps, most of all. We cannot conceal it from ourselves, if we would, that the current of our lives did not run smoothly at the beginning, nor for a long time afterwards. The cords that bound us together, were not silken, and light as gossamer to bear; but heavy and galling as links of iron. I blame myself in many things. I was not a true, self-forgetting, loving wife to you, John. I did not make your home a happy one. I struggled and grieved, and made myself wretched, when I should have thought of your comfort, and striven, in fulfilment of my marriage vows, to make you happy."

"Dear Jane! say no more! your words pierce me like arrows!" Mr. Hardy laid a finger upon her lips. "Oh, if the scales had sooner fallen from my eyes!"

"If I had helped you to remove them!" said Mrs. Hardy, almost mournfully; "both would have suffered less. But I was young, and weak from years of indulgence by the tenderest of fathers. I did not comprehend your wants and wishes—and you did not understand me. I never meant to act in opposition, and never did, wilfully and perversely—that is to give you pain. But I could not hide all signs of anguish, when your words were accusations. Nor could I always look smiling and cheerful, when my heart was aching. I say this now, only that you may do me justice in your thoughts. I would not have you think of me, after I am gone, as one who, from design, and to gratify an evil purpose, made the home cheerless which she had promised to fill with sunlight. God gave me power afterwards to rise above that weakness of my nature which so long held me in bondage to suffering; and I was able to be to you, my husband, all that I desired to be from the beginning. If you had helped me, and borne with me at the first—if you had been gentler and more forbearing—if you had laid your hand lightly on what seemed wrong—if you had regarded me as a weak, inexperienced girl, sensitive to a fault, yet full of the purest love for you, and not as a matured, thoughtful woman, with a strong purpose to have her way, you would have judged me more correctly, and it would have been better for us both. But the past is past, and I turn to it only for justice, not to wound. Forgive me for what I have now said, if it has given you any pain. I cannot, in parting with you, perhaps forever, leave on your mind the impression that I ever meant to be anything but a true wife."

"Forever, Jane! Forever! Oh, do not say that word! Let me hear your lips recall it!" And Mr. Hardy bent over her with a countenance full of anguish.

Mrs. Hardy did not reply for some moments. Then she said, giving utterance to the truths she saw because they were truths, and best therefore to be spoken, even if they failed in present comfort. There were few signs of earthly emotion in her low voice, that was musical with angelic affections.

"A woman's heart, John, is a strange instrument, and few men have learned to play upon it skillfully. In most cases, the bold hand is dashed roughly among its delicate strings, shattering some, straining others, and putting out of tune forever chords that would have trembled with delightful harmonies. It is woman's nature to love. To her, love is an eternal necessity. But this love is a free principle. No power in earth or Heaven can bind its impulses. It goes forth spontaneously and takes hold, like a vine, upon some manly nature, seeking to give beauty and grace, and lifting itself thereby into higher and purer regions. It binds its arms gently, yet firmly, around this sustaining manhood, and bears its fruitful clusters as blessings. And the more it is cherished and protected, the stronger it grows, and the more intimately and lovingly does it entwine itself around all the outspreading branches. There is nothing hard or harsh—nothing of opposition or contention—nothing of proud, self-sustaining isolation in the nature of a true woman. She asks only the right to love, and the joy of being loved in return.

"In this world, where hearts are hidden things, and woman must have faith because she cannot see—must take loving words and acts in the full belief that they are true words and acts—it too often happens, that her lot is one of wretchedness. The fair exterior of manhood, so attractive in her eyes, often proves to be a false exterior. She finds nothing in his affections or his principles with which she can truly harmonize; and, though she may live with him dutifully, and even in some appearance of love, yet is there no interior conjunction—no marriage in the higher sense. With such, death is an eternal disjunction. If they should meet in the after life, their time of dwelling together will be brief, and their separation a mutual impulse. How could it be otherwise in a world where similitude conjoins, and dissimilitude separates? And this law of attraction and repulsion, my husband," continued Mrs. Hardy, speaking very earnestly, "is a merciful law; for it gives to each one the companionship that is most delightful. If there is an error here, it will surely be corrected when we pass up higher. Of one thing we may be certain, the quality of our life in this world, will determine our associations there—and we will desire none others."

Mr. Hardy had bowed his head while she was speaking. It was some moments before he looked up. When he did so, his face was paler, his eyes heavy, and his countenance wore a drooping aspect. What sharp arrows of conviction were in the words of his wife! Steadily he gazed into her face, wondering and sorrowful, while every moment the conviction grew stronger that their separation was to be an eternal one. That her pure spirit would ascend up higher than he could ever ascend, and claim companionship with spirits of a diviner essence.

Neither made any remark for some time, and then the theme was changed. Not again, even remotely, was the subject of their unhappy lives referred to by either. Mrs. Hardy had not spoken to wound, but from a sense of duty. If pain followed her words, it was a salutary pain. It would be better for him to comprehend the inevitable laws of retribution—better for his future and eternal state, in contrast with which all finite considerations were as dust against gold in the balance.

A few days later, and the closing scene was enacted. With the last fluttering of her pulses, the last faint sigh that parted her lips, and gently moved her bosom, John Hardy felt that he had indeed parted with his wife forever! God had given him, as a companion, a true, loving spirit, who would have been an angel in his house; but, in his selfish blindness, he had wronged and cruelly oppressed her from the beginning; and when his eyes were opened, and he saw the celestial beauty of her character, she was fading from the earth, and rising upwards. It was too late!

Alas! Alas! How many, like John Hardy, have made a similar discovery too late! A very different man was he, from that time henceforth. Among the last words of his dying wife were these. "Be very tender with Helen. She is more like me than any of our children." Did he forget them? No! They seemed all the while sounding in his ears. In form and features, as well as in disposition, Helen was like her mother, and now that her mother's presence was removed, this likeness grew daily more apparent. In stature, carriage, and voice, she resembled her mother as much as in countenance and disposition. And so a loving remembrance of the lost one was kept ever in the mind of Mr. Hardy.

The thoughtful, never-wearying, affectionate care of the father, now turned with undying devotion upon his oldest child—who had felt towards him an almost entire alienation, and whose remembrances of the past were painfully vivid—won finally her love and confidence; and warm affection took the place of duty.

Mr. Hardy grew old rapidly after the death of his wife. He separated himself almost entirely from common society, and lived a kind of hermit-life in the bosom of his family. Ten years later, and permanently old, stooping, and life-weary, he laid down the burden of mortality. Helen was still unmarried. But her life was beautiful. She was the maiden-sister, caring for all, beloved by all, and diffusing around her a heavenly atmosphere, that made her presence an inspiration. And so her existence moved on like a quiet stream, glassing the daily sunshine, and bearing along its way health, greenness, and beauty.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Helen, the oldest sister, advanced through the cycle of womanhood, and all the pure excellence of her character impressed itself in beauty on her countenance, she won the love of many; and many suitors came to her, speaking words that rarely sound in a maiden's ears without making her heart leap. But when she looked down into her spirit, and recalled as much of her mother's history as she could comprehend, she shuddered and shrunk back from the thought of marriage. She felt that she dared not meet the chances.

And yet, true woman as she was, she felt a deep yearning for companionship—and for a love, the foundations of which were laid far down in the deep places of her soul. Mere friendship was no compensation—she did not even seek, in lieu thereof, this shadow for the abiding substance.

Among the suitors for the hand of Helen was a young man named Edward Linton. He was worthy to possess her, and that is making a large admission in his favor. As he approached, she receded; as he sought to unlock the door of her heart, she double-bolted it upon the inside.

"I have seen one heart withered up; one life made wretched beyond the power of language to describe," she said to herself. "And I will not venture the precious freight of a woman's love in one frail human vessel—will not put it in the power of a man to trample upon a heart that prefers loneliness to wrong, and unsatisfied yearnings to a cruel bondage."

Yet, even as she said this, to fortify her resolutions, the sound of Edward Linton's voice echoed faintly, but very musically from some far off chamber of her soul, which it reached through all the interposing barriers.

Edward was one of the successors in her father's business, and, also, an executor under his will. This naturally brought them frequently together in a business relation, and made his visits to the family almost a thing of course. With the brothers and sisters of Helen he was a favorite; and his place in the regard of Helen was higher than that of any other man she had ever met. Had her life-experiences been different—had there been with her no haunting memories of woman's wedded wrongs, her heart would have leaped to his words of love with a joyful impulse. As it was she closed her ears and held her hand with a resolute repression upon her heart.

But with Edward Linton the love of this pure, beautiful maiden, was no passing emotion.

Not suddenly had it been born; for there was such a shy reserve about Helen—such a shrinking away from observation, that he did not at first comprehend her true quality. When it was comprehended, the entrance way for any other love was closed forever in his heart.

It was on a pleasant June evening that he ventured to speak plainly of the love he had manifested in a thousand little acts and words, which no maiden could have misunderstood. They were walking home from the house of a friend at which Edward had called for her—not by appointment, but of his own accord, and with the purpose of securing an opportunity to tell her of what was first in his thoughts at morning dawn, and last in his thoughts when the night-shadows closed in temporary oblivion around him. He did not feel the hand tremble that rested on his arm; nor was there any visible emotion in the low, sweet voice—always sweet to his ears—that answered,

"Be to me a brother, Edward—and let me be as your sister. I shall never marry."

"Oh, Helen! Helen! You must recall those words," said Edward, with a grief in his tones that could not be repressed; for he was not prepared for so calmly spoken and so distinct a denial of his suit.

"Never!" with what a deep, calm earnestness was the word spoken. "Never!" It was repeated with even a deeper emphasis. "Never!" she added, as if to extinguish all hope in the mind of her lover.

"Helen." The young man grasped her hand, and held it very tightly, even though she made a feeble effort to remove it. "Helen—dear Helen! This must not be. I will not say over again the words I have just spoken, nor add others of like import. Truly have I told you of my love—a love that can never die. If I am offensive to you—"

"No, Edward," was the quick answer, breaking in upon the words he was about uttering, "you are more highly esteemed than any other man as a friend and brother. Be still to me a friend and brother. But seek no nearer relationship—for I am resolved to pass through this mortal existence unfettered and free. No man's happiness shall be marred by the unharmonious action of my life, and I will not risk the destruction of my own through want of harmony in another life that is indissolubly linked to mine."

"Oh! Helen! Sister!—if you will let me call you by no dearer name—but sister only now—in what false school have you learned this strange philosophy?"

"I have learned it in the stern school of life, Edward," was answered with unwavering calmness. "Very early I took my first lessons—very early were my eyes opened to the real, sad, heart-breaking realities around me. And I have been a learner and an observer ever since. That my mother was not a happy woman I need not tell you, Edward; and yet, she was a true, loving woman, capable of the highest happiness. A truer, better, and more loving woman than I ever will be. If she had not married, Edward, her life would have passed along beautifully and tranquilly like a pleasant stream through grassy meadows. But it fretted and chafed for years among rocky channels, was lost for a time in the hot sands of an arid desert; and only became clear and fertilizing at last through God's infinite love for one of His wronged and suffering children."

"If she had not married," said the young man, slowly and impressively, "you would never have been born. Think of that, and then answer, if her life, even though passed in suffering, was a vain life? Can you turn all your consciousness inward, and after considering yourself as you are, wish that you had never received the gift of being, or that you had been endowed with any other individuality than your own?"

"Your questions bewilder me, Edward," said the maiden, seeming almost to catch her breath.

"Try to answer them to your own satisfaction," he replied.

"I can never hope to do that. As I am, God made me; and I ask not to be changed, except from evil to good. But for marriage, that is a new condition of life, *voluntarily* assumed; an attempted union of a man's life with a woman's life, which are wholly different. I have thought long and often of this, Edward—have deeply pondered it in my heart, and you know my life-enduring conclusion. I will not trust my happiness in the keeping of any man! The risk is too great."

"You may trust it in my hands safely," was the answer, in tones of winning tenderness.

"It is in vain, Edward. I question not your high honor, nor your deep sincerity. But no man can rightly understand a woman. There are wants in her nature—capacities for loving and suffering—that lie too deep down in her soul for the plummet line of his perceptions to reach. No, Edward—I understand myself too well to risk everything in the experiment of marriage. Not alone would I be the loser, should the experiment prove disastrous—you would be the loser also. Bound together for life, in bonds that no human hand can unloose, both would be wretched. If I were miserable, could you be happy? Impossible!"

"It grieves me to hear you speak thus, Helen," replied her lover—"it grieves me deeply for your sake as well as my own. Your views have become strangely warped—your feelings are morbid, not healthy."

"Just the reason why I should not marry, Edward; and one of the reasons why I will not. I admit all you say. My life has not been a healthy one. I have had experiences that changed the child-life into the woman's-life too early, and gave to it a morbidly sensitive development. I should be forever in danger of misapprehension. An unkind look would be to me a blow; an unkind word a death wound. No, no, Edward. Pass on your way. Seek another companion, and let me work out my life-problem alone. Perhaps we may—"

But she checked the utterance of what was in her thoughts, suddenly.

"Perhaps what, Helen? Say on."

"I have no more to say, Edward."

How evenly, almost coldly, this was answered.

"Take up the whole subject again," said the young man, almost imploringly, as he was about parting that night with the maiden. "There is a true marriage, as well as a false one, and its crown is unimagined felicities. Dear Helen! ours, believe me, will be a true marriage."

They had entered her home, and were sitting together. Helen turned her face, so that the light fell upon it; and Edward saw that it was pale, and very sad, showing a depth of emotion which her voice had not betrayed.

"As a friend and brother, Edward," she replied, "I bear towards you a warm affection. No deeper sentiment can be admitted into my heart. If you will continue to be as a friend and brother—well. If not, let our ways in life diverge here; for, believe me, they can have no closer parallel?"

For many minutes Edward Linton sat motionless. He then said—

"Answer me one question truly, Helen."

"I will answer one, or two, or three," she replied. "But let it be understood that, with this interview, the subject closes forever."

"Is there anything about me that repels you?"

"Nothing," was the prompt, free-spoken word that fell from her lips.

"Have you seen in my character any quality, the existence of which, if you were my wife, would destroy your happiness?"

"No, Edward, I have not."

"One question more, and the last. Have you ever loved another?"

"Never! never! My heart, Edward, is a sealed book."

"Enough," said the young man, rising—"I accept all you will give me—the love of a sister and friend."

He would have said more, but his heart was too deeply moved. Almost crushing the small hand he held at parting, he uttered the words, "Good night!" and, turning away, went slowly from the house. It was "night" with her, and one that continued long before the breaking of day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COMET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye"

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine.

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The dream of Beelzebub;"
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town;
They answered not,—but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! oh fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare
That wreathed each wooded hill;
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

OLD AGE IN CHINA.—Sir John Bowring, two years since addressed a letter to the Registrar-General, London, on the subject of the population of China. In it he says:—"I have no means of obtaining satisfactory tables to show the proportions which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation: The age of 10 is called the 'Opening Degree;' 20, 'Youth Expired;' 30, 'Strength and Marriage;' 40, 'Officially Apt;' 50, 'Error-knowing;' 60, 'Cycle-closing;' 70, 'Rare Bird of Age;' 80, 'Rusty-vinged;' 90, 'Delayed;' 100, 'Age's Extremity.' Among the Chinese the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung, near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting, in order to show their respect and obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishment for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime, and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire.

APRIL BORROWING FROM MARCH.—The old English adage is, that April borrows her first three days from March. It may not have proved true this year, but we put the poetry on record for future use. One verse runs thus:

March borrowed of April
Three days, and they were ill;
The first was sleet, the second snow,
The third the worst that ever did blow.

Another versification reads thus:

March said to April
I see three hogs upon a hill,
But lend your first three days to me
And I'll be bound to make them die.
The first it shall be wind and wet,
The second shall be snow and sleet,
The third it shall be such a freeze,
Shall make the birds stick to the trees;
When the three borrowed days were done,
The three silly hogs came hobbling home.

DEPARTED SPIRITS.—As I have gazed upon those quiet groves and shadowing lawns, silvered over and imperfectly lighted by streaks of dewy moonshine, my mind has been crowded by "thick-coming fancies" concerning these spiritual beings which

"——walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Are there indeed such beings? Is this space between us and the Deity filled up by innumerable orders of spiritual beings, forming the same gradations between the human soul and divine perfection, that we see prevailing from humanity down to the merest insect? It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early fathers, that there are guardian angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy. Even the doctrine of departed spirits returning to visit the scenes and beings which were dear to them during the body's existence, though it has been debased by the absurd superstitions of the vulgar, in itself is awfully solemn and sublime.—*Washington Irving.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Scarcely any indication of the changes which usually attend the setting-in of spring are yet observable. Until after the promenades of Longchamps nothing can be definitively known respecting the novelties likely to obtain favor during the ensuing season. Meanwhile the heavy garments of winter are gradually giving place to those adapted to a more genial season. Bonnets of lighter materials and brighter hues than those worn for some months past are now making their appearance. Many bonnets intended for a plain style of walking-dress are made of colored straw—brown straw being intermingled with white, and grey with black. We have even seen a few bonnets of black straw rendered extremely elegant by the tasteful style of their trimming. On one a broad, black velvet ribbon was simply crossed, and drawn down to a point towards the edge of the front. The same broad velvet ribbon formed the strings. The curtain at the back, which was very deep and full, was made of black stiff net, and edged with several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, the transparent net being left between the rows. On one side of the bonnet were three very full bouquets of violets. The under-trimming consisted of blonde and small circular bouquets of violets placed all round the cap, and completely encircling the face.

A bonnet just completed for a fashionable wedding is of white *velours royal*. A star formed of blonde lace ornaments the circular part of the crown. The edge of the front is trimmed with two rows of blonde lace. One row is turned back, and is passed round the bavolet or curtain, and the other row hangs down, forming a small *violette*. On each side of this bonnet there is a tuft of marabout feathers, and the under-trimming consists of blonde and bouquets of white lilac.

A bonnet, which may be regarded as one of the earliest harbingers of spring, is made of straw-color silk. The crown, which is a sort of *fanchon*—that is to say, open at the back—is drawn in cased runnings. The opening is filled up by a circular piece of silk, drawn in very full runnings. It is placed very low down, under the *fanchon*, and is encircled by a wreath of Parma violets. This bonnet is edged with a double row of blonde, in the style of the wedding-bonnet just described. On one side there is a large bouquet of violets, and on the opposite side a bow of straw-colored ribbon. Under-trimming, a blonde cap, with bouquets of violets.

Many ball-dresses of tulle are covered with bouillonnes from the edge of the skirt to the waist. Others have an equal profusion of narrow graduated flounces, edged either with ribbon or with narrow blonde. Double and triple skirts of white tulle are frequently trimmed with rows of colored velvet. Cerise, bright blue, or green are the most effective hues for this sort of trimming. Double skirts of tulle are frequently finished merely with broad hems, or with narrow rushes of ribbon, and they are festooned at intervals by bouquets of flowers. For a ball-dress having a double skirt nothing is more [illegible] than one or two chatelaines of flowers extending from the waist to the edge of the upper skirt.—*London Lady's Paper, March 28th.*

THE CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

No one can visit Circassia without being desirous to know something of the women whose beauty has passed into a proverb. Our French travellers—Dr. Jeannel and the French Commission—had an opportunity afforded them of seeing what they were like, for Mehemet Bey came down to the enclosure and said they were at liberty to visit all the neighboring huts, even those of the females.

"Everything a Circassian has, is," said the Hungarian, "for sale; you are not merely his guests, on this occasion, but very likely his customers; make, therefore, as minute an examination as you please."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the doctor, "that they sell their daughters?"

"Certainly, just as they would sell their sons, slaves, dogs or horses. Not long ago I was offered a beautiful girl by her father in exchange for a fine greyhound which I had brought from Kars."

Encouraged by these assurances, Dr. Jeannel and his friends entered the huts, where they found several girls, not so beautiful, however, as they are generally described. Their best points were magnificent eyes and luxuriant tresses, which fell heavily on their shoulders. But their cotton dresses were wofully ragged and their persons shamefully dirty—drawbacks which, however, did not prevent them from playing off all sorts of coquetries as they were severally passed in review.

"Their most ardent desire," said the colonel, "is that you should purchase them. The life they lead here in the paternal huts, at the bottom of these sunless ravines, is very dull and wretched. They work hard, and eat nothing but millet, while tradition paints to their imagination, in the most glowing colors, all the delights of Stamboul. Their sole ambition is to become the property of some pasha, and to do that the first step is to get away from hence. You appear," he continued, "to think that these girls are not particularly handsome, and, to say the truth, you are right. But they are made of the right stuff. It is the dirt, and squalor, and bad living, that spoils them in the miserable holes in which they are brought up. For the full development of Circassian beauty they require to be transplanted to the Turkish harems before they are thirteen years old. All sorts are sent off—the ugly ones by way of experiment, the beauties for a more certain market; the former fetch about a thousand piastres each, (eight pounds; which, by the way, is nearly two pounds more than the value of the French apothecary), but a beautiful girl is worth ten thousand or even twenty thousand piastres (from one hundred to two hundred pounds). The value of a boy is, however, double that of a girl, and the age at which the sale is made is earlier—ordinarily at ten years; the reason for this is the greater utility of the male population in the constant war which is waged against Russia."

ANECDOTE OF WESLEY.—At one time, when Mr. Wesley was travelling in Ireland, his carriage became fixed in the mire, and the harness broke. While he and his companions were laboring to extricate it, a poor man passed by in great distress. Mr. Wesley called to him, and inquired the cause of his distress. He said he had been unable, through misfortune, to pay his rent of twenty shillings, and his family were just being turned out of doors. "Is that all you need?" said Mr. Wesley, handing him the amount—"here, go, and be happy." Then, turning to his companion, he said, pleasantly,—"You see now why our carriage stopped here in the mud."

SPRING IS COME.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

We coax the timid verdure
Along the hills of Spring,
Blue skies and gentle breezes,
And soft clouds wandering!
The quire of birds on budding spray,
Lond larks in ether sing;
A fresher pulse, a wider day,
Give joy to everything.

The gay translucent morning
Lies glittering on the sea,
The noonday sprinkles shadows
Athwart the dainted lea;
The round sun's sinking scarlet rim
In vapor hideth he;
The darkling hours are cool and dim,
As vernal night should be.

Our earth has not grown aged,
With all her countless years;
She works, and never wearies;
Is glad, and nothing fears;
The glow of air, broad land and wave,
In season reappears;
And shall, when slumber in the grave
These human smiles and tears.

Oh, rich in songs and colors,
Thou joy-reviving Spring!
Some hopes are chill'd with winter
Whose terms thou canst not bring.
Some voices answer not thy call
When sky and woodland ring,
Some faces come not back at all
With primrose-blossoming.

The distant-flying swallow,
The upward yearning seed,
Find nature's promise faithful,
Attain their humble meed.
Great Parent! thou hast also form'd
These hearts which throb and bleed!
th love, truth, hope, their life hast warm'd,
nd what is best, decreed.

ADVENTURE WITH THE PIRATES IN THE CANTON RIVER.

Often has our youthful imagination gloated over the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of bandits and pirates, traced in glowing colors by the pen of the poet or the novelist. Fascinated by the halo of romance thrown around their career, the deeds of freebooters rose up before us as the achievements of the purest heroism—their failure or fall, as an unmitigated evil—the more to be deplored on account of the nobility of the victim. These ideas, however, have been thoroughly dispelled. Practical experience has broken the colored glass through which the deeds and the men were seen; and pirates on the sea, robbers on the highway, banditti among romantic mountains, and others of a similar class, now stand much on a level with housebreakers, pickpockets, and garotters at home. For the benefit of those readers whose imaginations are still spell-bound in the toils of romance, we propose to narrate the incident which first opened our eyes wide enough to see these things in their true light.

It was on a dull day in October, 1852, that our [party], namely, our three friends, Jackson, Whymper, Lee, and ourselves, who am Jones, at present service—made up a party for an excursion from Canton down the river. Two of the party were on business, and of course they paid expenses. The others were glad to accept of the two remaining berths in the fast boat, in order to enjoy a couple of days' relaxation from the dull routine of business-life in Canton. We each carried a double-barrelled fowling-piece, as snipe and other wild-fowl were to be found down the river, and we anticipated that our leisurely sail might be enlivened with good sport. As for personal danger that was out of the question. Occasional murders, it is true, had been committed on foreigners by the native fishermen down the river, but these were rare; and nobody had ever heard of an attack when more than a couple of Englishmen or Americans had to be met. The fast boat, which was to be our means of conveyance, is a large decked boat, with a house or cabin half sunk in the deck. At each end of the cabin there is a door, which leads up by two or three steps to the level of the deck, and inside these are two beds or berths, ranged on each side, and a dining-table in the centre. Besides the cabin, there is another in the forepart of the boat, entirely below deck, in which the Chinese crew, who man the boat, find narrow quarters. We also provided ourselves with a pair of guns, each capable of carrying two people, which are useful in landing, crossing creeks, and for coast-service.

We ate in the afternoon, we dropped gently down the river, now and again trying our fortune on any unhappy victim, whose flight brought it within reach. The sky was dull, and threatened rain. A dinner, as comfortable as could be enjoyed on board a fast boat, and a social evening passed rapidly away, and we turned in for the night.

Next morning, we found ourselves at our destination—the Bogue Forts—where Jackson and Lee had business to transact, which occupied them during the greater part of the day; while Whymper and ourselves found what sport we could. Towards evening, we anchored off Tiger Island, to await the turning of the tide, and a favorable wind, to carry us back to Canton. As the night drew on, it became intensely dark and cold, and we were fain to shut out the chill air, by closing both doors and windows all round the cabin. We were thus seated enjoying some of the captain's famous Burgundy, when we were startled by a sudden shock, as if some other boat had come into collision with ours, and the next moment we heard the report of a fire-pot,* which exploded on the forepart of our deck. We had indeed no alarm from our crew, but the truth at once flashed across our minds that we were boarded by a gang of Chinese pirates, and should have to fight for our lives. Whymper, who sat nearest the door leading to the front-deck, immediately jumped out to reconnoitre; but he had scarcely shown his head above board than he was assailed by half-a-dozen fire-pots, thrown by as many men, who had scrambled over the stern of our boat, and who were followed by as many more. In a moment, he was back in the cabin with his gun; but he had looked long enough to see by the light of the missiles which had been thrown at him, that our assailants numbered from thirty to forty men, and that they had lashed their boat at right angles across the stern of ours, with evident expectation that we should be a rich if not an easy prize.

Whymper was again on deck, and had his aim scarcely at once arrested by a stout fellow who was coming over the cabin roof, within six yards of where he stood. The pirate held a lighted fire-pot in his hand ready to discharge, which revealed the dim outline of his figure as he advanced; and Whymper, who was now joined by Lee and ourselves, took aim and fired. Owing to the dampness of the powder, the piece missed fire, and the Chinese was within three paces of where we stood, with his arm uplifted to launch his abominable missile, when the second barrel fortunately did its duty, and the man fell heavily on the cabin roof. Five or six men, each with a lighted fire-pot, were now advancing over the cabin roof, while many more were tumbling over the stern into our boat. One, two, three of our pieces were fired in rapid succession among them; each brought down its man, and effected a momentary check; but we only now discovered that in our hurry to face our antagonists, we had omitted to furnish ourselves with ammunition beyond what our artillery was charged with. We had, therefore, to make a hasty expedition into the cabin for our flasks and shot-pouches, and there found to our dismay, that several fire-pots had been thrown into it and exploded, and were now showering sparks in all direction, and emitting their odorous smoke in volumes. Fortunately, the berths had previously been prepared for immediate occupation; and the woollen coverlets spread over them, protected the wooden frames from the burning sparks, or we should probably have had our citadel burned under our feet. In the midst of this smoke and fire, we groped our way to the further end of the cabin, where our supply of ammunition was deposited, and there a spear-thrust, aimed at Jackson, made us aware that the door at that end had been burst open, and thus exposed us to the danger of a double attack. Jackson was accordingly deputed to defend this point, and, as we afterwards found, he received a very severe burn on the back of his hand in the discharge of this duty. Having furnished ourselves with fresh supplies which we carried through the cabin with the agreeable idea that a single unlucky spark might send us through the roof, we regained our first position on the front-deck, and were immediately greeted with a perfect shower of fire-pots, shot, and spears. These, with the help of a little dodging, we fortunately escaped, the only effect being the lodgment of a spear-head in the stock of the gun we carried; but we found the odds fearfully increased, and the rascals taking courage from the temporary lull in our fire, were coming in numbers over the cabin roof to attack us. If they should get near enough to grapple, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase, and, even as it was, the chances seemed tremendously against us; but we knew well that surrender was as hopeless as defeat, and our blood boiled at the bare idea of succumbing to a crew of Chinese ladrones. It only remained, therefore, to fight it out; and with redoubled energy we poured upon them round after round in quick succession, with as much precision as the fitful glare of their fire-pots would allow. The short screams and heavy falls which followed each discharge informed us that our practice was not without effect; and after ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted firing, a partial clearance was effected of the roof of the cabin.

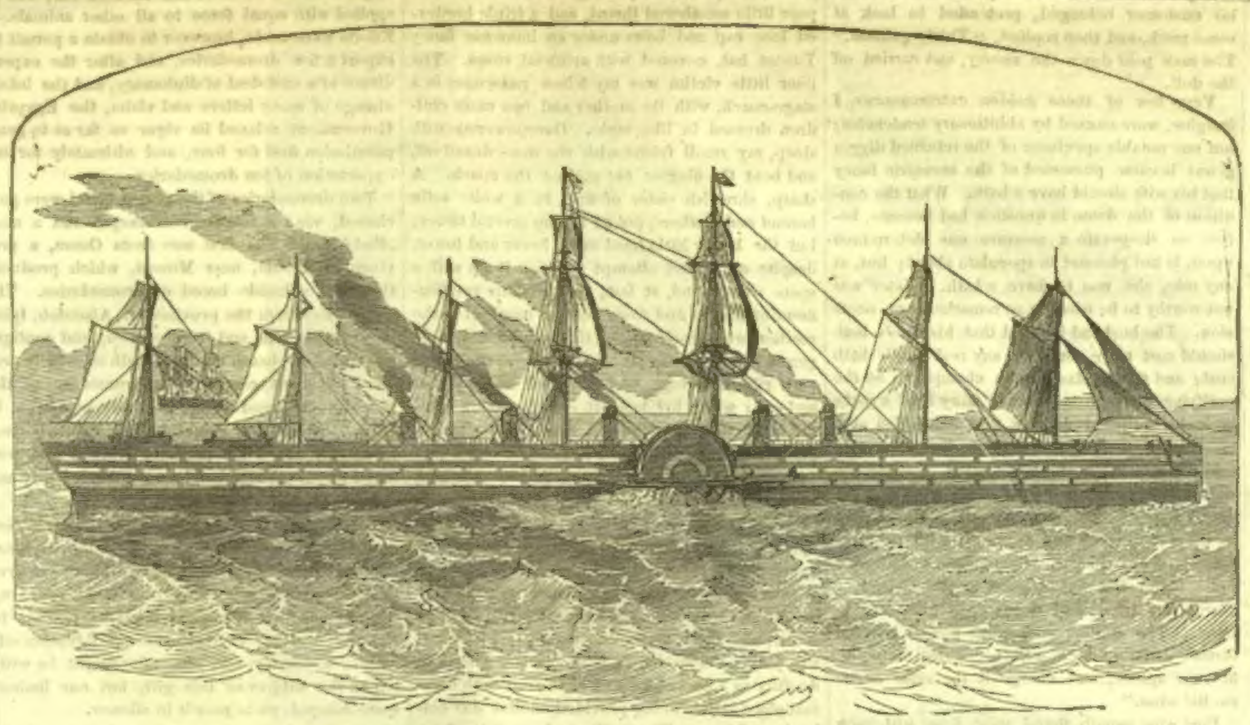
At this juncture, and ere we had yet ventured to breathe freely, we observed a man on board the ladrone boat passing a lantern forward to a group of five or six others, who stood in the bow, and whose figures were momentarily shown in dim relief by the light thus thrown on them. In an instant, Lee's Joe Manton was at his shoulder, and the next moment a piercing scream from the direction where the light had appeared, made it evident that the shot had told. Whether it was their leader or some other person of consequence that Lee had brought down, we never could ascertain; but within half a minute after the shriek which announced his fall, our cabin roof was clear of intruders, and the whole crew of pirates were in full retreat, bearing with them those of their dead and wounded, whom, in their haste, they could conveniently pick up. We then for the first time relaxed our fire, as we had no desire for unnecessary carnage; but their loss had already been severe, amounting, as we afterwards learned, to seven or eight killed, besides several wounded, of whom we could get no exact account. As soon as they were all once more on board their own boat, they pushed off, exclaiming in their own language, that they would come back ere long, and murder the whole of us. They then dropped down the river and anchored beside two other large boats, about 400 yards off, which had been lying there for some time, and which, as they never either attempted to render us assistance, or even to raise an alarm, we naturally took for accomplices, the crews of which had been drafted out of them to increase the attacking force. The pirates were no sooner out of the way, than our discreet Chinese crew began slowly to emerge from the hatchway of the fore-cabin, where they had concealed themselves the moment they saw the approach of danger, leaving us unaided to defend their boat from plunder. Of the three native boys whom we had with us, one jumped overboard in terror at the very first alarm, another crept down to the forehold beside the crew, and the remaining one, who by the way, was Lee's servant, alone behaved like a trump, handing charges when required, loading a spare gun, and performing other little pieces of service which considerably facilitated our operations.

The threat uttered by the ladrones as they retired might or might not be a mere bravado; but it seemed not at all unlikely that there might be a sufficient number of reserved men in the two other boats to form a powerful reinforcement; and we were therefore rather disinclined to await a renewal of the fray. The tide, however, had not yet turned; the wind was not in our favor, and the idea of rowing a fast boat against wind, stream and tide, was out of the question. We had the punts, no doubt, but they carried only two in each, and, including the servants, there were six people required to be accommodated. A council of war was held, and after brief deliberation, we concluded, as there was no other available means of escape, at all hazards to take to the punts. These were accordingly rigged out; and Jackson and Lee took the one, while Whymper and ourselves occupied the other, each boat carrying besides one of the servants. The little vessels were loaded to the water's edge; the night was extremely dark; and the nearest point at which we could hope to find a friend who would receive us, was at Whampoa, a distance of twenty-five miles. Add to this the possibility, if not the probability, of pursuit by the exasperated pirates, which, had they overtaken us in our present circumstances, would have been certain death, and some idea may be formed of the misery of our position. It was of consequence that our movements should be rapid, and we accordingly plied our strength to make the diminutive crafts fly through the water, while one in each boat strained his eyes to catch the first indications of approaching danger. We rowed thus for the space of upwards of six hours, and arrived at Whampoa about three o'clock in the morning, when we at once made our way to the house of Mr. Ward, an old friend of Lee's, who, he assured us, would accord us a hearty welcome. Our appearance was far from prepossessing—our faces begrimed with smoke and powder, our eye-brows and whiskers scorched partially off, our clothes burned in many places, and our hands sooty and smeared with blood; but the worthy old gentleman was no sooner sufficiently awake to understand our tale than he all but embraced us, in his overwhelming expressions of sympathy. He rung up the servants to prepare hot coffee, spread a groaning table for our midnight tiffin; and after having again heard the particulars of our adventure, and taxed his ingenuity to find words strong enough to express his surprise and admiration, he ushered us to our couches, where we dreamed of Burgundy and fire-pots, snipe-shooting and deck-fighting, sinking punts, and hospitable old gentlemen, till pretty far on in the next morning.

As soon as our late breakfast was concluded, our excellent host kindly furnished us with his own boat, and a crew to take us up to Canton, a distance of five miles, which we easily accomplished in an hour. The first object which met our eyes, on approaching the wharf, was the identical fast boat in which we had gone down the river, and which the crew had been able to get under-way within a couple of hours after we left it. Some of us were pretty well known in Canton, indeed any one who resides in Canton for a month cannot but become known to almost every member of the small English community who inhabit what are called the Factories; and when it became public that our fast boat had come back without us, and that it was stained with large quantities of blood, the greatest uneasiness had prevailed. The crew of the boat were questioned, but they could only tell of the fight on board, and that we had left them in the punts. We might have been drowned or murdered after that. As we drew near the wharf, we observed one or two groups of anxious-looking faces, and some excitement of demeanor; but we were no sooner observed approaching the landing, than three hearty cheers announced our welcome, and a dozen hands were held out in congratulation. We then learned also, that by an order from the consulate, to which office two of our party belonged, a government steamer was at that moment getting up steam, to proceed down the river in search of us, as there appeared sufficient ground to suspect that there had been foul play on the part of the natives. The steamer was detained till next day, when the true state of the case being known, and necessary particulars being furnished, it was dispatched, with a view if possible, to apprehend some of the pirates, or obtain information as to their whereabouts; but after an absence of two days, it returned without success.

It would be too long to tell how we triumphed as the lions of the Factories for at least a fortnight, till the whole thing had become stale, and we were ourselves tired of being feted. After that, we settled down again into our old business routine; and we can assure the gentle reader that our brain was never more troubled with romantic dreams of gaily dressed corsairs, a thrust from whose rapier, or a ball from whose pistol, we had fancied must be rather pleasant than otherwise, and whose life bore a charm wherever they went. *Experience teaches fools*—but the proverb is somewhat musty.

fire-pot, or, as it is more commonly called, a stinker, a small earthenware pipkin, filled with powder and other combustibles; it is lighted by means of a fuse, and then thrown with the hand. When it falls, breaks, and emits a shower of sparks, which burn for a few seconds; these are followed by a dense smoke, and that by an intolerable and suffocating stench, from which the missile takes its disagreeable name.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE LARGEST STEAMSHIP IN THE WORLD.

We give this week an engraving of The Great Eastern, a steamship which has been built especially for communication between England and the countries of the East, India, China, and Australia, in particular; and it is confidently anticipated, that the voyage will be performed between England and India, by the Cape, in from thirty to thirty-three days, and, between England and Australia, in from thirty-three to thirty-six days, considerably less than half the time consumed by sailing clipper vessels.

The Great Eastern is the property of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, incorporated by royal charter. An idea of the magnitude of the undertaking may be formed when we state, that the capital of the company is £1,200,000, (nearly $6,000,000) with power to increase it to £2,000,000.

The ship itself was designed by J. K. Brunel, Esq., F. R. S., and will be worked by screw and paddle engines. The ship itself, and the paddle engines, were built by Messrs. Scott Russell & Co., at Milwall, Poplar, and the screw engines by the celebrated firm of James Watt & Co., Soho Works, Birmingham.

The following statement will show the dimensions, capacity, and power of this truly colossal specimen of English genius, enterprise, and industry:

Length	680 feet
Breadth	83 feet
Depth from keel to keel	60 feet
Length of principal saloons	400 feet
Number of decks	4
Tonnage	22,500 tons
To carry coals and cargo	10,000 tons
Nominal power of paddle engines	1,000 horses
Ditto, screw ditto	1,000 horses
Number of cylinders of paddle engines	4
Diameter of cylinders	74 inches
Length of stroke	14 feet 6 inches
Draught of water, laden	30 feet
Ditto, light	20 feet
Accommodation for passengers, 1st class	600
Ditto, 2nd ditto	2,000
Ditto 3rd, ditto	1,200
Ditto troops alone	10,000
Weight of iron used in the construction, about	700 tons

From the above it will be seen that the Great Eastern is intended to carry 4,000 passengers, and, without any passengers, 10,000 troops, as they are usually conveyed to their destination. The immortal Ten Thousand would have been delighted to have seen such a ship off Colchis or Anapa ready to convey them down the dreaded Euxine. But, large as some ships were in those days, this beats all, ancient and modern. The mode of launching such an immense mass is exceedingly novel. We cannot better explain it than in the language of the builders:—"In constructing the foundation of the floor on which the ship is being built, provision is made, at two points, to insure sufficient strength to bear the whole weight of the ship when completed. At those two points, when the launching has to be effected, two cradles will be introduced, and the entire fabric will be lowered down gradually to low water mark, whence, on the ensuing tide, the vessel will be floated off."

That is the style of her introduction to her future element; so that, to invert the usual language employed on such occasions, she cannot be said to take to it gracefully like a swan, but to be brought to it like a giant, compelled by the hand of genius, to take a bath.

Another peculiarity of this monster ship is that her decks will be flush, so that her great length will afford a promenade of more than a quarter of a mile round the deck, without the annoyance of shipped water splashing the heels and ruffling the tempers of the passengers.

As will be seen from our illustration, this wonderful vessel will be provided with seven masts. The centre will be the principal, and these will be crossed by yards as in a line of battle ship; the others will be proportionately smaller in size. The steam power, however, is the distinguishing feature in the character of the Great Eastern. It will be applied both through the paddle wheel and screw. The engines are very considerably larger than any hitherto made for marine purposes, and their actual power will be far greater than their nominal power already stated. They will be placed in different parts of the ship, and entirely independent of each other. The vessel will have ten boilers and five funnels, and each boiler can be cut off from its neighbor, and used, or not, as desired. Every boiler will have ten furnaces, and that will give to the whole the large number of one hundred furnaces. The fuel intended to be used will be anthracite coal. The screw propeller will be twenty-four feet in diameter, the largest ever made.

In conclusion, we can only say, that the best terms in which to describe the build of the Great Eastern, is to simply state, that there is an inner and outer skin. The space between the outer and inner skin is 2 feet 10 inches. These skins are united to each other by longitudinal webs or girders, formed of plate and angle iron. There are seventeen of these webs on each side of the ship, which run the entire length of the vessel, and they are placed at such distances as to extend upwards at intervals of 3 feet from the keel to the main deck, and they are again closed up in lengths varying from 20 feet to 60 feet. Thus the outer and the inner ships are joined together by means of a great number of water-tight webs, or cells of extraordinary strength, giving the vessel a rigidity such as has never been communicated to a ship before. The upper deck is treated in the same manner for a width of 20 feet on each side, and iron girders bind one side to the other, so that the entire vessel becomes, as it were, a beam of strength, and the whole fabric may be denominated a web of woven iron, the rivets forming the fastenings, and the webbed or honeycombed cells, becoming an indissoluble structure. In addition to these safeguards, the ship is divided, transversely, into ten separate water-tight bulkheads, running up to the main deck, and these again are crossed by longitudinal bulkheads, running fore and aft. It may, therefore, be said, that the ship consists inwardly of a great number of small cells, or water-tight compartments, between the outer and inner skins, and a number of large, square compartments in the body of the vessel. The cabins will be on the decks above these compartments, and will form large and splendid saloons.

AIR-PALACES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CLARA DOTY.

Oh, what a palace my youth built up,
Of beauty, mystic and rare!
Away from the grosser haunts of men,
In the fairy realms of air.

A marvellous fabric of sweet device
Wrought with the genie's powers,
Nestled secure in a Paradise,
Of trees and streams and flowers.

Wide, airy halls, with their pictured walls,
And numberless classic nooks,
Haunted with sculptured Grace and Sage,
And the magic spirits of books.

Long, grassy walks, walled in with trees—
Lake miniatures of the sky,
With broad gold frames of waving wheat,
Or rustling borders of rye.

My spirit revelled intoxicate
With the maze of sweet delights,
Alike in the gorgeous blush of morns,
And the dewy dark of nights.

But the only palace my fancy builds,
As its youth grows wiser and cold,
Is one whose spires are starred with gems,
And whose halls are paved with gold

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN HERO, A MYTH.

Dr. Jeannel, who visited Circassia as a French Commissioner, gives the following statement relative to Schamyl, the "celebrated Circassian chieftain:"

The escort furnished him by Sefer Pasha consisted of five-and-twenty well armed horsemen, and, besides, Ibrahim Bey; who is described as a most magnificent person to look at, with a perfectly Olympian presence. He was accompanied by a Hungarian colonel, M. Banga de Illosfalva, who had taken service with the Porte under the name of Mehemet Bey, and was chief of the staff of the Turkish army in Asia. This officer had lived many years among the Circassians, and was thoroughly conversant with their character and manners. From him, as they journeyed along, Dr. Jeannel learnt something which will be read, perhaps, with as much surprise as he evinced on hearing it.

"Does Schamyl," inquired the doctor, "recognise the authority of the Sultan, and is he under the orders of Sefer Pasha?"

"Schamyl!" exclaimed Mehemet Bey, "who on earth is he?"

"What!" returned Dr. Jeannel, "are you chief of the Asiatic staff, and ask me who Schamyl is? Why he is the most illustrious chief of all the Circassians; the heroic mountaineer who has made head against Russia, I can't tell for how long!"

"Well, doctor," replied the Hungarian, coolly, "write in your tablets that the illustrious Schamyl is utterly unknown in these parts. I will be bound to say that not a single Circassian among all who are now travelling with us has ever heard his name. If he exists at all, he must be some mountain Bey of whom your journals have made a hero."

"This is rather too good," said Dr. Jeannel; "why, for the last twenty years Schamyl has excited the curiosity and admiration of the whole of Europe; his is an historical name. Let us ask Ibrahim Bey about him; he can tell us, no doubt, where he is."

"Willingly," answered the Hungarian. The doctor and Mehemet Bey accordingly rode up to Ibrahim, and the latter put the question to him. After they had exchanged a few words, the colonel turned round and said:

"Well, doctor, Ibrahim assures me that this is the very first time he has ever heard the name of Schamyl!"

"You think then, perhaps, that those who speak of him are related to the naturalists who describe the great sea-serpent?" said the doctor.

"Precisely so," replied the Hungarian.

Dr. Jeannel suggests, in explanation of this extraordinary ignorance of a celebrity like Schamyl, that probably his influence is more felt on the shores of the Caspian than on those of the Black Sea, and that the Russian government having personified in him the resistance they have met with in the Caucasus, the people of Europe have accustomed themselves to consider, as the general and dictator of all the Circassians, the only chief whose name has figured in the papers and in the Russian bulletins.

AN UNFORGIVING MONKEY.

We lately came across a curious account in a French paper, of a trick played by a monkey in the harbor of Marseilles, which shows that the monkey is endued with a fair share of sagacity, as well as with a vindictive disposition—and that other animals than men are impatient under injuries, and take pleasure in revenge.

A painter was busily employed in decorating with fancy colors, some carved work on the stern of a French brig which lay in the harbor, and had a stage suspended from the taffrail for that purpose. A monkey which belonged to the captain of an American vessel, moored almost in contact with the stern of the brig, appeared much interested in the progress of the decorations, and watched the artist very closely. Occasionally as if he wished to criticise or ridicule the performance, he would grin and chatter furiously. The painter, although at first amused, soon became indignant at the insolent boaring of the monkey, and while Jacko was in the midst of a critical dissertation, and appeared hugely tickled at being able to discompose the nerves of the artist, the latter thrust his largest brush, well charged with a beautiful verdigris green, full in the mouth of the chattering quadruped. Jacko retreated to his habitation, exhibiting manifest signs of wrath and indignation. The captain of the vessel, well acquainted with the character of the monkey, who would never suffer a trick to be played upon him without retorting in kind, advised the painter to be particularly cautious, or the monkey would do him some injury. The painter, however, laughed at the idea—and soon after left his work, and entered a coffee-house on the quay, where, in drinking a cup of coffee, and in conversation with some friends, he passed half an hour. In his absence the monkey left his retreat—and passed through a port on to the painter's stage, where all his pots, brushes, &c., were deposited. He commenced an attack on the ropes which held the stage—and employed his time so well that, before the painter appeared, two of them were nearly severed—and when the unsuspecting artist placed his foot on the stage for the purpose of resuming his work, the ropes broke, and painter, pots, paints and brushes, were precipitated without ceremony into the dock. Then commenced the triumph of the monkey, who sprang to the gunwale, and while gazing on his floundering foe, evinced his delight by his gesticulations and his loud chatterings!

The artist was fished out, but his paints, of course, were lost, and his clothes were saturated with the briny fluid. His rage was unbounded. As soon as he was safely landed, he seized a club, and rushed on board the vessel, threatening vengeance on the monkey, which he undoubtedly would have killed on the spot, had not Jacko wisely retreated to the maintopmast cross-tree, where he sat, looking down triumphantly on his enemy, who was pacing the deck, uttering imprecations innumerable. The painter then proceeded to his house, and returned with his fowling piece well charged with buck shot, determined to bring Jacko down, by fair means or foul—but the Captain, seeing the danger which was about to befall his mischievous favorite, appeased the anger of the painter by offering to pay him for the loss of his materials, and the damage to his clothes. A treaty was concluded—but Jacko could not easily be convinced of the sincerity of the opposite party, and fearing some mishap, maintained his position on the cross-trees for several days.

THE CAVALIERS' MUSTER.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

Here is Sir Reginald, gentle and true,
Courtly and bright in his silver and blue;
There is old Philip behind him as gruff,
Sturdy and grim in his orange and buff.

Here is Bob Darcy still smoothing his hair,
For the frost dew has silvered his love-lock so fair;
And there is the blackamoor close at his back,
Laughing and paiting a pottle of sack.

See how old Oliver (fie on his name!)
Opens the flag that blows out like a flame;
Up fly the swords of a dozen or two—
Were gentlemen ever so trusty and true?

How the brave lad with the feather o' white,
Struggles and strains, yet with looks of delight,
At the huge sable charger his father has lent!
His red coat still drips from the flood of the Trent.

With careful set faces the trumpeters puff,
The drummer works hard at the drum-skin so tough
As the sheriff rides up with a parchment pulled out,
And reads as he can through the cheer and the shout

Now a pull at their bridles, a word and a cry,
A frown at the earth and a smile at the sky,
A setting of cloaks, a low curse (half in play),
And the sixty brave gentlemen gallop away.

WAS ST. PAUL MOUNTED?—A curious question has just been started by our recondite friend, *Notes and Queries*: Was St. Paul on horseback at the time of his conversion? and what authority had the old painters for invariably depicting him as falling from his horse? We suspect many popular conceptions of Bible facts are due to the painter and the poet. Certainly Milton is answerable for much, and "Paradise Lost" mingles strangely with our memories of the first chapter of Genesis, where, by the way, Satan (or the Devil) is never once mentioned.

☞ When the United States become as densely populated as Holland, they will contain nine hundred million inhabitants; nearly the present number of the whole human race.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.—The good King Louis XII., of France, was styled "The Father of the People." An officer of his household had, in a fit of anger, ill-treated a poor laborer; when the king heard of the offence, he ordered that the noble who had committed so great an injustice should only have his table served with meat and wine. The next day Louis asked him if he had fared well. "Sire," he replied, "I had no bread to eat." "What!" said the king, "cannot you do without bread?" "No, truly, sire," answered he. "You jest," said Louis; "bread is not necessary to sustain life." "Your Majesty will excuse me; but we should feel the loss of it a great deprivation." "Why, then," rejoined the king, sternly, "did you beat the poor laborer?—It is to them we are indebted for the bread we eat. Remember this in future. A repetition of the like fault will be punished more severely."

CHRISTIAN AND WORLDLY VIEWS.—Expressions abound in the literature of modern Christendom implying an antithesis between temporal and spiritual things, between morality and religion, between the world and God. No one can fail to observe that this antithesis, whether founded in reality or not, has become a social fact. There are two standards of judgment extant for the estimate of character and life; one set up in the pulpit, the other recognised in the forum and the street. The former gives the order in which we pretend, and perhaps ineffectually try, to admire men and things; the latter that in which we do admire them. Under the influence of the one, the merchant or the country gentleman is professedly in love with the innocent improvidence of the ravens and the lilies; relapsing into the other, he sells all his cotton in expectation of a fall, or drains his farms for a rise of rent. On the Sunday, he applauds it as a saintly thing to present the patient cheek to the smiter; on Monday, he listens with rapture to Kossuth's curse upon the House of Hapsburg, and the Magyar vow of resistance to death. He assents when the Apostle John is held up to veneration as the beloved disciple; but, if the truth were known, the Duke of Wellington is rather more in his mind. Suppose it all true that is said about the vanity of earthly pleasures and ostentations, he nevertheless lets his daughters send out next day invitations to a grand ball, and makes his house busy with dressmakers and cooks. He is accustomed to confess that in him there is no good thing, and that all his thoughts and works are only evil continually; yet he is pleased with himself that he has provided for the family of his gardener who was killed on the railway last week. The relations between these two standards are altogether confused and uneasy.—*James Martineau.*

DUMAS'S LITTLE JOKE.—*Jean*—Why, you see, this is a tough bit of business for him. If he be sharp enough, he will make his fortune.

Rene—Of his sharpness I know nothing; but he is a man of probity.

Jean—Well, in business, give me sharpness—the one thing needful.

Rene—What do you call business, M. Giraud?

Jean—What do I call business? The simplest thing in life—*other peoples money.*—*Alex. Dumas's Play, "The Money Question."*

THE CURSE OF SUDDEN WEALTH;

or,

SCENES IN AUSTRALIA

Upon the Discovery of Gold.

BY A LADY RESIDENT.

One of the most melancholy feelings I have connected with the diggings, and the great amount of wealth acquired thus suddenly by so many of the most ignorant and uneducated people, arises from the inevitable conviction of how very small an amount of good it has effected for the individuals themselves. The grand object of the common mass of gold-diggers seemed to be to dissipate and get through their gains as rapidly as possible; having no idea of a rational disposal of their hard-earned wealth.

Any one, witnessing for the first time, a gold-digger's wedding (and in Hobart, Launceston, and Melbourne, they were of daily occurrence, sometimes several at a time) would very naturally think he beheld a troop of lunatics escaped from Bedlam. Driving furiously through the streets in as many vehicles as could be hired and filled with guests, was one chief enjoyment of these people. Drivers, carriages, and horses alike streamed with long, broad, white satin ribbons. The bride, usually a convict of the lowest class, in every sense, was commonly attired in a dress of the most superb white satin, with a London bonnet also of white satin or lace, and frequently a magnificent Canton crape shawl; yellow the favorite color. The jewelry, parasol, and other adjuncts of this costume being always as gorgeous as money could buy, and as heterogeneous in character; but always including an enormous gold watch and a massive chain. The bride's female friends were generally as fine as herself, and the occasional variety of black worsted stockings, or leather ankle boots, peering out beneath a dress of costly brocade or velvet, was common to the whole party. When an attempt was made in unison with the rest, white satin shoes invariably appeared, and almost as invariably were worn down at heel; never being made in the prospect of such ample dimensions of foot. In gloves, too, considerable discrepancies occurred; red, coarse, bare hands and wrists, loaded with valuable rings and bracelets, being usually preferred for street costume.

The male portion of these wedding-parties displayed still greater contrasts. Such dress-coats as are supplied by Jew slop-shops, with waistcoats and neckerchiefs of astonishing splendor, and shirt-pins of amazing dimensions, were often companioned by trowsers of corduroy or fustian, turned up round the ankles (so as to show the lining and hob-nailed boots,) and the whole outer man worthily finished off by a green or blue wide-awake hat. Nusegays of gigantic size, such as would fill an old-fashioned fire-place, bottles of rum, and short pipes, were the unfailing accompaniments of these decorations. Thus armed at all points, and crowded by eights and tens into open carriages, standing on the seats, waving hats, handkerchiefs, and ribbons, and singing, or rather yelling in a maniacal tone ditties unknown to ears polite, as they tore furiously through the streets, from one public house to another—these wretched possessors of useless wealth, were wont to exhibit their drunken lunacy, to the disgust and alarm of the respectable portion of the community.

The finale of such marriages was, very frequently, the return of the husband, penniless, to the diggings; and that of the wife, if better than the average, to service. A lady, who had taken as cook one of these Golden Widows as we call them, was surprised at finding her new servant on her knees, scouring the stone floor of the kitchen, attired in a rich purple satin dress, nearly new.

"Mary! what are you doing, with that beautiful dress on to scour in, and not even an apron?" exclaimed the astonished mistress. "Do get up directly, and put on an old cotton gown."

"Laws alive! bless me, missis," responds Mary, sitting calmly back upon her slip-shod heels, and grasping brush and flannel in either hand, "I haven't got no cotton gownds; all my gownds is silk 'uns, this is the wust out of nineteen."

Every kind of silk material was infinitely dearer in proportion than any other fabric, and all prices being nearly doubled by the golden demand, the style of Mary's expenditure may be imagined. A rich satin dress, of the palest dove-color, or pearl white, well and fashionably made, was observed one day trailing its delicate folds along a mean and dirty street in Hobart; the wearer was without shawl or bonnet, and carried before her a large tin dish, full of baked mutton and potatoes, from the oven.

Cost was the criterion—I verily believe the sole criterion—by which these people judged everything; neither comfort, fitness, nor the becomings (which Sam Slick declares all women study) seemed to enter their calculations. I was one day in a shop in Hobart, when a man and a woman came in to buy a black silk mantle. Some were shown them at four guineas each (one pound might perhaps have been asked for them in England.)

"Curse your trumpery!" exclaimed the woman. "Show us some worth more than that. I'm not a beggar."

"That's right, Poll," (in rather husky and faltering tones,) from the husband. More mantles were brought—none better, some worse than the first lot.

"All these are ten guineas each, sir; beautiful article, and quite the newest style," said the obsequious shopman.

"Oh! ay—that might do—Poll, turn to and try 'em on."

What Poll's selection was, I did not remain to see. Every one at that time could give similar instances of the determination with which the reckless creatures poured their gold into the shopkeepers' pockets. A young English lady, on her way here touched both at Adelaide and Melbourne. Whilst in a shop at the former place she observed a mean-looking woman come in, who desired to see some shawls. A number were shown to her, the highest being three pounds each. "These are not good enough, show me some better than that." The heap of shawls was swept away and carried to another part of the shop, where a few were picked quickly out, folded differently, and then brought back at five pounds each. "That'll do," remarked the customer, scarcely noticing the shawls themselves, but satisfied with having to pay a large sum for them. "Wrap me four of 'em"—and laid twenty sovereigns on the counter. From the same friend I heard of a gold-digger in Melbourne, who went into a shop where a large doll was used to exhibit articles of baby-clothing upon, and inquired, pointing to the doll, "What's the price o' that himage?" Although the doll was not intended for sale, the shopman, knowing the absurd purchases often made by the class to which his customer belonged, pretended to look at some mark, and then replied, "Thirty guineas." The man paid down the money, and carried off the doll.

Very few of these golden extravagances, I imagine, were caused by ablutionary tendencies; but one notable specimen of the returned digger genus became possessed of the eccentric fancy that his wife should have a bath. What the condition of the dame in question had become, before so desperate a measure was determined upon, is not pleasant to speculate about; but, at any rate, she was to have a bath. Water was not worthy to be used on so remarkable an occasion. The husband insisted that his wife's bath should cost more nor ever any real lady's bath cost; and finally, fixed upon champagne as the purifying medium. Another story is of a party of lucky returned diggers, who assembled at a good hotel, and ordered a costly dinner; everything in the most expensive style, desiring the waiter to bring them "some of the wine that the swells drink." Hock was accordingly presented to them at dinner, but dismissed with no measured terms of dislike. Champagne was allowed to be better, but not as good as ginger-beer.—Claret was tried, and flung away with execrations. The waiter, somewhat posed, awaited further orders, which were: "Bring us a pint of rum apiece, and charge it the same as the swells' wine."

Port wine usually found most favor with such customers. A man (formerly in our service) who had come home with his gains and who was oppressed with the common desire to dissipate them with all practicable despatch, ordered three or four dozens of port wine at every inn or public house he came to on the road, had all the corks drawn, and called the passers-by and the tap-room guests, to drink it; public house port wine here, being usually a mysterious compound of bad cape, burnt sugar, capsicum and spice.

These are not a tithe of the owre true tales I have been told. The comfortless profusion with which many of the successful returned diggers scattered their money, wofully demonstrated how great an evil is wealth, in untaught or unprincipled hands. Cigars, lit with bank-notes of value; sandwiches, made of bread and butter and bank-notes, and eaten by wretches boasting of their costly mouthful; sovereigns flung down in payment for a shilling glass of spirits; these, and hundreds of similar instances, might be narrated, were it pleasant or profitable to collect such degrading proofs of folly and wickedness.

Among the many servants who at different times left our service to go to the diggings, I only knew one instance where the gold gained became really beneficial. This happy exception was an industrious farm-laborer (formerly a prisoner), who, whilst with us, used to spend the long winter evenings in weaving baskets from the willows which border many of our meadows. Every house in the district had some of his baskets, which he sold at such prices as to provide himself with clothes, tobacco, and other extras, and could thus lay by all his wages in the savings bank. I was not a little troubled at the intelligence that he purposed drawing his money, and starting for the diggings. He did so, and in a few months wrote to us, saying that he had been very fortunate, had dug gold to the amount of eight hundred pounds, and was then on board an English ship on his way home. He has written again since, telling very pleasantly of his happy meeting with his wife and children, who had been industrious and thriving during his absence; and enclosing a card of his shop, having entered into a respectable business, and carefully purchased his stock-in-trade from the best markets, with the ready gold he had acquired. I wish we had more such cheering tales to tell, but alas! this is—so far as my personal acquaintance with gold-digging results extends—a solitary instance.

Were I to take up the opposite side of the question, I might describe the deserted homes I have seen—the dismantled cottages and desolate gardens, that were bright and hopeful before the gold madness came among us. I might tell of wives, who conducted themselves soberly and decently whilst with their husbands; but who turned back to all their infamous habits when released from wholesome restraint by the men's departure for the diggings; of children neglected, scantily fed, and more scantily clothed, and often indebted to chance charity for sheer existence; this state of abject wretchedness and starvation being suddenly changed to one of boastful idleness and dissipation, if the husband returned with enough gold to produce a short-lived drunken prosperity. Many working men came back with fifty or a hundred pounds, deeming that an inexhaustible mine of wealth. The wife of one of these, who had been my servant, and who, after her marriage, was glad to do plain needlework for me, one day brought home her sewing unfinished, with a "Much obliged t'ye, ma'am, for what ye've give me, but ye see my Robert's come back, and he's got enough to keep huz comf'ble all we're lives, and I don't see as I need slave any more, an' so I've brought back the little shirts, and there's the buttons and the pattern shirt, all together, if you'll please to give me a settling for what I've done." The settling was very speedily effected. I saw no more of my retired seamstress; but the sequel was as I anticipated. She straightway relapsed into her old vices of inebriety and every kind of disorderly and bad conduct. She beat her children, one of them a baby, so cruelly as to endanger their lives; finally, she had her original sentence of transportation renewed. The great fortune which had thus ruined her industry, and caused the loss of her freedom, I found, amounted only to sixty pounds; and, as she and her husband, when living with us as laundress and cook, had received thirty-five pounds a-year wages, besides food, lodging and fuel, the overwhelming effect of such a sum seems difficult to account for.

The wife of another servant who had been fortunate at the diggings, and had brought home about seventy pounds, came one day for her own and her husband's rations, wearing a very showy cashmere dress, such as are sold here at about thirty or forty shillings; and on my remarking, "That is a very gay gown, Susan, for such a wet, muddy day," she simpered, and replied, "Oh, ma'am, I've had nine new 'uns since my husband came home." He had been back just a fortnight.

The sudden change from a wardrobe of two old cotton gowns and one best one, to an assortment of flounced muslins and silks—to say nothing of satin bonnets, costly shawls, artificial flowers by the bushel, parasols, bracelets, and white veils—often causes exhibitions of taste and color which are extremely curious and ingenious, and would be amusing were they not really so very sad. The heaps of finery—hats, feathers, flounces, and jackets—which the children of these people helplessly toddle under, must be seen to be believed. I once counted the frills on a baby just able to trot about—trowsers, four; frock, five; jacket, two, with a quilling of lace round the poor little smothered throat, and a triple bordered lace cap and bows under an immense fancy Tuscan hat, covered with artificial roses. The poor little victim was my fellow passenger in a stage-coach, with its mother and two more children dressed in like style. Overpowered with sleep, my small friend with the roses doxed off, and bent the filagree hat against the coach. A sharp, shrewish sister of five, in a white satin bonnet and feathers, poked her up several times; but the heavy little head sunk lower and lower, despite my covert attempt to prop it up with a spare shawl; and, at last, the perilous predicament of the hat and roses became manifest to the mother, who shook up my tiny neighbor with no gentle hand or look, jerked furiously at the broad pink ribbon strings, and snatched off both hat and cap; when lo! beneath all else was a hair-net, made of gold twist and beads, and a pair of great gold rings in the soft baby ears. "I'll pull yer ear-rings, I will, yo blessed limb o' mischief, if yo spile yer things that way," growled the mother—only the word was not "blessed," but as opposite in meaning as the reader pleases to imagine; and a rough box on each side of the head in turn completed the forlorn aspect of affairs, by setting the child's nose bleeding, to its own great terror, and the irretrievable damage of its smart silk jacket. The sister's petticoat was seized to do duty as a pocket-handkerchief; no such commonplace article being provided amidst this collection of finery. The mother, whose outer dress was all new and expensive, had showy rings on almost every finger of her rough hands; but no gloves.

Few women whose husbands have been diggers wear less than two or three massive gold rings of coarse colonial workmanship; and many of the men wear thick gold rings, too, whilst their cottages are devoid of the commonest comforts. The floor is, probably, the original mud; the seats, a rough bench made of a slab, the outside refuse part of a tree when sawn up; the table, two or three slabs nailed together, and uneven on the top; the dinner-service, tin plates and pannikins, and perhaps one table-knife—possibly, an odd fork also; the inmates or guests being expected to be provided with pocket-knives. The cost of one silk gown expended in the purchase of a few cheap American chairs, some neat, strong earthenware, a plain table, and other decent trifles, would, it might be supposed, be more productive of comfort than the continual purchase of fine clothes, which, when put on, cannot find a spot around them fit to sit down in; but any attempt at tidy housekeeping is but too seldom seen here.

THE CAMEL.

Importation of Camels by the Government of the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(CONCLUDED.)

In Bessarabia and the Crimea the camel is used both for burden and for draught. One or two couples are yoked to a wagon, and are able to draw heavy loads on good roads. They are guided with a halter, and are quite docile and patient.

The English made use of as many as they could get, but their number was so reduced as to render the few that remained of little service. At the time these camels perished, the horses and mules used in the transport service were dying by thousands. An English officer stated that when no other animals could wade through the mire between Balaklava and the camps on the heights, the camels were still able to carry loads of four hundred pounds. The French never had occasion to use them in the Crimea, as they constructed good roads at the commencement of the siege, and the admirable organization of their "Equipages Militaires," rendered them entirely independent of the resources of the country.

The southern side of the harbor of Sebastopol was now in the possession of the Allies. But few troops were quartered there, as it only exposed them unnecessarily to the fire of the forts on the north side. Several visits were made to the city and its suburbs, but as the object of this article is altogether foreign to the description of the places visited by the commission in the prosecution of its duties, I will refrain from dwelling on the scenes of awful devastation that here presented themselves to view. Ruin and desolation prevailed everywhere, and to render Sebastopol once more habitable, the Russians will have to rebuild it from its foundations. Every house was roofless, and its walls scarred and seared by ball and shell.

Near the port were the ruins of the forts blown up by the Russians—now immense mounds of hewn stone. Some of the forts had escaped destruction, and from one of these, Fort Nicholas, a good view was obtained of the whole harbor. In a line at its mouth, were the mast-heads of the ships sunk to prevent the entrance of the enemy's fleets, and dotting the harbor were the masts of the vessels subsequently scuttled to prevent their falling into the hands of the Allies. Before sinking their ships, the Russians removed the rigging, and landed all their guns and ordnance and other stores, so that nothing went down but the hulls, with their ballast and tanks. Most of these vessels had been several years afloat, and were already unseaworthy from the ravages of the ship worm, so destructive in the Black Sea. Since then, they have been rendered entirely worthless, as wood is pierced through in a few months by the Black Sea worm, and most of these ships have been under water since the fall of 1853. The rest were sunk in August and September, 1855. They are sheathed with copper, but probably are not copper-fastened;—but their sheathing is no protection to them in their present situation. They are, of course, of little value, and if the Russian Government wishes their removal, it is only to have the harbor cleared of so many obstructions.

Having collected all the information about camels that was to be obtained—and the researches of the commissioners were necessarily confined to the Allied camp—they returned to Constantinople, and soon after the Supply sailed for Alexandria.

Some time prior to the sailing of the Supply, the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs intimated to the U. S. Minister that the Sultan wished to present two couples of fine camels, but they were so long forthcoming, that the Supply had to sail without them.

After a short and pleasant passage of only eight days, the Supply arrived at Alexandria, on the 1st of December. A few days after, Major Wayne and Mr. Heap proceeded to Cairo. It was now ascertained that the Egyptian Government prohibited strictly the exportation of all live animals. This law was intended mainly to prevent the exportation of horses and horned cattle during the continuance of the Eastern war, but it applied with equal force to all other animals.—Efforts were made, however to obtain a permit to export a few dromedaries, and after the expenditure of a vast deal of diplomacy, and the interchange of many letters and visits, the Egyptian Government relaxed its rigor so far as to grant permission first for four, and ultimately for the exportation of ten dromedaries.

Two dromedaries of the purest breed were purchased, viz.: a female *Naamayeh* and a male *Abahdeyeh*. The first was from Oman, a province of Arabia, near Muscat, which produces the most valuable breed of dromedaries. The second was from the province of Ababdeh, lying between the Nile and the Red Sea, and contiguous to the Beshareh country, both of which produce excellent camels. A dromedary of the Mount Sinai breed completed our purchases in Cairo. This is the camel most commonly used in Egypt, and when properly trained and well cared for, is a large, handsome animal, hardy and capable of great endurance.

The Viceroy of Egypt presented the U. S. Government, through the Consul General, with three couples of good camels, some of which were dromedaries; these, with those purchased, made up the number that it was intended to procure in Egypt. A rather rich chapter on Egyptian etiquette, diplomacy, and chicanery might be written on the subject of this gift, but our limited space compels us to pass it in silence.

As Egypt is one of the best points to obtain dromedaries, I will briefly state here the plan by which, in my opinion, the best animals will be secured.

Though the prohibition to export live stock from Egypt is strictly enforced as regards the sea ports, no restriction is laid on their export by land, and thousands of camels and other animals cross the frontier annually in the trains of travellers and merchants; if, therefore, objections are made, they can be shipped from some port outside the Egyptian boundaries, such as Jaffa, St. Jean d'Acre or Beyrout.

Fine dromedaries can be purchased in Upper Egypt at moderate prices, and they can go down by land, or be sent in Nile boats as far as Cairo. The purchaser should be in Cairo about the first of October, to start up the Nile as early as possible. He will go by boat as far as Assooan, at the first cataract, stopping at Minieh, Assyoot, and Girgeh, at all of which places markets are held, where good dromedaries from Bornoo, Kordofan, and Darfoor, may be picked up. Assyoot and Esneh, situated on the left bank of the river, are the principal markets for the interior, west of the Nile. At Assooan is a market for dromedaries from Ababdeh and Besharreb, and it is probable that this breed will be easier to acclimatize in Texas than the Nammanagor, which comes from an excessively hot climate. Moreover, the difficulty of obtaining the latter is very great.

After returning to Cairo, the course will be to Suez, travelling on the purchased animals; thence to the port in Syria that may have been fixed upon for their embarkation. Good animals can be picked up on the journey overland, as it will be through regions where the dromedary is most abundant.

Mr. Heap left the Supply at Alexandria, as it appeared probable that she would be detained there some time to embark the camels, and took passage, on the last of December, 1856, in the French mail steamer for Smyrna, which touched at Jaffa, Beyrout, Tripoli, Latakia, Alexandretta, Messina, and Rhodes. As Alexandretta, or Scanderoon, appeared to possess the most advantages for the purchase and shipment of camels, I will here quote his notes in reference to it:

The most convenient and safest harbor on the Syrian coast is Scanderoon. The town, such as it is, for it consists of a few warehouses only, is situated at the head of the gulf. Lofty mountains, their tops (January) covered with snow, rise from a plain a mile or two from the sea. To the north is seen the Taurus range. The anchorage, with every wind, except a westerly one, is perfectly sheltered, and as smooth as a mill pond.

Large caravans were arriving from and departing for Aleppo, a journey of six or seven days for camels, or four to five for horsemen. Many of the camels were Tuilus, and, excepting that they have but one hump, they resemble the Bactrian camel of the Crimea. They have their heavy beard and mane, their large body, and their limbs are still more powerful. These are what are commonly called Turcoman camels, and are worth here from eighty to one hundred and thirty dollars. The largest camel I ever saw was a leader to a caravan for Aleppo, and valued at one hundred and fifty dollars. He was a remarkable animal, they told me, from Persia. In the evening, the cameleers fed them with barley flour and peas, kneaded into balls the size of a cocoanut. They give from three to five of these balls, every evening, to each camel, who appear very eager for their supper. Their average load is about six hundred weight. Scanderoon is the best place I have seen to embark camels, for they can be brought here from many points where they are plenty and good; such as Honiah, Aleppo, Damascus, &c. The anchorage is very secure, and is the best from Adalia to Tunis. Good water can be obtained from the eastward of the town.

Scanderoon contains only five hundred inhabitants. It is extremely unhealthy as soon as warm weather sets in; during the sickly season nearly all the inhabitants go into the mountains to sleep, returning only during the day. It is the seaport of Aleppo, and its trade has diminished with that of the town on which it depends. Caravans arrive here from Persia, Bagdad, and Massool, and the beach was covered with rich merchandize for shipment, as well as European goods for the interior. A marsh that could be easily drained is the cause of the sickliness of the climate. A French officer, in 1852, went through Syria soliciting subscriptions for this purpose; he had already collected half the sum requisite, when he was beset by Arab robbers, near Antioch, and robbed of it.

Game is plenty. I strolled out with my gun, and found snipes, woodcocks, plovers, partridges, pigeons, and francolins, a species of grouse.

At Smyrna, Mr. Heap hired a large Khan, in the Ali Pacha Meidan, and commenced at once the purchase of camels. His time was too limited to go himself into the interior, but he sent messengers to different places, where good camels were to be found, and had them brought in. From the large number daily presented at the Khan, only those were selected which were entirely free from blemish, and in perfect health. Nineteen burden camels, and two Bactrians were purchased in Smyrna; two dromedaries from Cairo, with the six presented by the Viceroy of Egypt, and one from the Bey of Tunis, making thirty in all. The number was increased to thirty-three by births on board. One female camel died on the passage home. Two Turks, three Arabs, and an American were employed to take charge of these animals.

These animals were safely landed in Texas in the spring of 1856, and have continued to thrive. In July, 1856, the Supply again sailed for the Mediterranean, for the purpose of bringing back an addition to the stock, and returned last January with forty-four camels. Very heavy gales were experienced in this last voyage, from the time of leaving Smyrna until they had passed the Straits of Gibraltar. Notwithstanding that great care and attention were paid to these animals, three died on the way home. The rest reached their destination in excellent condition.

One of the chief objections raised against the importation of camels was, that it was impossible to bring a large number across the ocean without loss. Out of seventy-seven imported, only four died. This small proportion of deaths is evidence that there is no risk of great losses in the importation of this animal. It is generally supposed that the camel cannot live except in very hot climates, and is useful only to traverse deserts; whereas, it is a hardy animal, can be accustomed to a great degree of cold, and although able to endure a greater degree of heat than any other domesticated animal, and suffering less from the action of the hot sands of the deserts, they can travel on hard flinty soil without injury. On the second voyage, all the camels were purchased at Smyrna. Three pairs of fine breed were presented by the Sultan to the United States; and, as mentioned previously, all with the exception of three were landed in Texas. Late accounts speak of their increase and usefulness, and we hope that they are destined to be the progenitors of a stock which will be as valuable on the new continent as they have always been considered in the old world.

☞ I would never think of death as an embarrassment, but as a blessing.—*Epicurus.*

☞ Western Australia, though ready enough to accept male convicts, positively refuses to have anything to do with the females; thus supplying a curious illustration of Pope's line, which has been so much criticised:

"A shameless woman is the worst of men."

☞ When we reflect that all the aspects of Nature, all the emotions of the soul, and all the events of life have been the subjects of poetry for hundreds and thousands of years, we can hardly wonder that there should be so many resemblances and coincidences of expression among poets, but rather that they are not more numerous and more striking.

☞ The original and true reading of these often-misused lines of Swift, is as follows:

"Some say that Signior Buononcini
Compared to Handel's a mere ninny;
Others do swear that to him, Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such high contests should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

☞ Let an Englishman and Frenchman enter a coffee-house at the same time; the former will walk up to the fire-place, and the latter will stop at the first mirror. The Englishman lifts up his coat-tails, and warms his huge body, whilst the Frenchman, with equal warmth, suns himself in the looking-glass.—*Punch.*

☞ A boarding-house keeper in Baltimore advertises to "furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives."

☞ Why wouldn't you sell anything to a man in bed? Because a cash business is best, and it is evident that he would be buying on *tick*.

☞ Mr. Moore was comforted on the receipt, from his lady love, of this little Mooreish ballad:

"Take courage man! don't droop and sigh,
And your lone star deplore;
'Tis true I have a dozen beaux,
Yet I have room for Moore."

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27, 1857.

Pennsylvania.
Solvent bks — par to ¼ dis
Relief notes — ½ dis
Lancaster bk — ¾ dis
Erie City bk — 1 dis
Bk of Newcastle — 50 dis

New Jersey.
Solvent bks — par to ¼ dis
Merch bk Bridgeton — 50 dis
Wboat Glower's bk
Newton — 50 dis
Commercial Bk,
Perth Amboy, — failed

Delaware.
Solvent bks — par
Under 5 s — ¼ dis

Maryland.
Valley bk Hagerstown — no sale
Solvent bks — par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co — 1 dis

District of Columbia.
Exchange bk — 30 dis
Solv bks — ¼ dis

New York.
Solv bks — par to ¼ dis
Sth Avenue bk — 5 dis
Knickerbocker bk — 1½ dis
Far bk Onondaga — 25 dis
Mec & Man bk Oswego — 50 dis
Ex bk Buffalo — 50 dis
Empire City bk — 1½ dis
Central bk — 1½ dis
Champlain bk — no sale

Maine.
Solv bks — ¼ dis
Bk of Hallowell — 2½ dis
Ellsworth bk — 40 dis
Maritime bk Bangor — 15 dis
Canton bk South China — no sale
Exchange bk — no sale
Hancock bk — 25 dis

New Hampshire.
Solv bks — ¼ dis
Lancaster bk — closed
Exeter bk — failed

Vermont.
Solv bks — 1 dis
South Royalton bk — 2 dis

Connecticut.
Solv bks — ¼ dis

Massachusetts.
Solv bks — ¼ dis

Rhode Island.
Solv bks — ¼ dis
Bk Republ Providence — 75 dis

Canada.
Solv bks — 2 dis
Zimmerman — 5 dis

Virginia.
Solv bks — ¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha — 10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria — 2 dis

North Carolina.
Solv bks — ¼ to 1½ dis
Small notes — 2 dis

Georgia.
Old bks — ¾ dis
New bks — 2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus — no sale
Bk of Milledgeville — no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus — no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Darien — no sale

South Carolina.
Solv bks — ¼ dis

Alabama.
Bk of Mobile — 1 dis
Other solv bks — 5 dis

Mississippi.
All bks — uncertain

Louisiana.
Solv bks — 1 dis

Ohio.
Solv bks — 1 dis
Bk of Circleville — 55 dis
Canal bk — 2 dis

Kentucky.
Solv bks — 1 dis

Indiana.
New solvent bks — 2 dis
State bk — 1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica — no sale
Granger bk, Lafayette — "
Other bks — 5 to 20 dis

Illinois.
Peoples bk, Cairo — 20 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville — 20 dis
Solvent bks — 3 dis
Agricultural bk — 20 dis
Amer Ex bk — 20 dis
Bk Commonwealth — 20 dis

Missouri.
Solv bks — 1 dis

Tennessee.
Bk of East Tenn — no sale
River Bank — no sale
Solv bks — 2 dis
Small notes — 2½ dis
Central bk — no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis — no sale
New bks — 3 to 5 dis

Michigan.
Solv bks — 3 dis
All bks — no sale

Arkansas.
All bks — no sale

Wisconsin.
Solv bks — 2 dis

Texas.
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston — 5 dis

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	111¾	—
" " '67	117½	—
" " '68	117¾	—
" " '85	107¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct	93½	95½
" " new	96	96½
" "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	96	98
Phila 6 pr ct	74	75
" " coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	95½	97
" county "	64	64
Alle co RR 6 s	68½	70
Penn		
" 5 "	94½	94½
" " coupon	93	93½
Penn 6 pr ct	99½	99¾
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102¾	103
Penn RR 6 pr ct	96½	97½
2d m't loan '53	94	95½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	76	77
P G & N RR "	81	82
Reading RR "	79	80½
" m't "	84	86
H & L RR "	90	91
P & S RR "	—	—
Cha Val RR "	41	41½
Tioga RR "	80	85
Phil Wil & Bal		
RR 6 pr ct	88	89½
Long I RR "	69½	71
Sch Nav '82 "	68	69½
Lehigh Nav "	91	92½
Mort. "	92	96
C & D C "	70	75
Sus & Tid '52 "	59	60
Union Canal	86½	87½
Williams & Elmira		
1st m't 7 pr ct	76½	77
" " 7 pr ct	63½	64
Catawissa "	57	58½
North Penns 6 pr ct	59½	60
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	126½	127
Penns	93	93½
Bee Meadow	96	98½
North Penns	12	13½
Phil Ger & Nor	60	65
Reading	46½	46½
" preferred	44½	45
Minehill	62½	63
Hest & Lan	49	50
Chester Val	41	45
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	28	—
P W & Balt	29	35
Long Island	12½	13½
Wil'sport & Elmira	20½	21
Cattawissa	13	15
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	14½	15
" preferred	24	26½
Lehigh Nav	73	75
Morris	15½	15½
" preferred	27	28½
C & Del	69	70
Union	11½	12½
Sus & Tidewater	34	36
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	160	162
Penna	111	112
Phila	124½	125
Far & Mec	64½	67
Commercial	56	58
N Liberty	46½	48
Mechanics	28½	29
Southwark	72	80
P Township	32½	34
Kensington	71	73
Girard	114	114½
Western	60	62
Man & Mech	21½	24
Guarantee	70	74
Tradesman's	67	—
City	84½	85½
Consolidation	30	34
Pittsburg	60	—
M & M Pitts	62	—
Ex'ge Pitts	20	—
Kentucky	111	114
Northern, Ky	120	125
Louisville, Ky.	110	112
Farmers, Ky.	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	102	—
Plant's, Tenn.	102	103
Com & R Vick	8	9½
N O Gas Lt	128	130

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
April 27, 1857

Breadstuffs are in better demand, and most kinds are bringing higher prices. The Provision market is more steady, Groceries are active, and prices for Coffee, Molasses and Sugar show a further advance. Cotton is moving at more freedom and holders generally are firmer. Coal continues dull. Hides and Leather inactive.

BREADSTUFFS—The export demand for Flour continues limited, but with reduced stock on sale holders are firmer. The week's sales reach about 7000, mostly at $6 8 bbl for standard superfine, 1000 bbls extra at $6@6½, and 200 bbls, mostly straight superfine, at $6 25 ₩ bbl, which price is now refused. The demand for home use is better, prices ranging at $6@6 75 for common and good brands, $7@8 for extra and fancy lots, and $8 75 ₩ bbl for family lots. Rye Flour continues scarce at $4 ₩ bbl.

Corn Meal—Sales of Pennsylvania Meal at $3 75, 3 81 ₩ bbl; it is firm at the latter rate.

Grain—Wheat—Prices have advanced 2@3c ₩ bush at 140@150 for fair to good reds, and 155@158 for white, the market closing at our highest figures. Rye—All offered found ready sale, and $2@2 01 for Pennsylvania. Corn is 2@3c better, and about 40,000 bushels, mostly new Southern yellow, found buyers at the above rates, and 60@70c in the cars and from store, old Corn at 65@70c in store, and new white at 66@67 afloat. We quote to-day at our highest figures. Oats—About 16,000 bushels Delaware and Pennsylvania have been taken on arrival at 46@50c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is held at $22 ₩ bbls and $22 for heavy; and City Mess Beef at about $18 ₩ bbl, without but little selling. Hams—Sales of 400 tierces at 12@13c for plain and fancy Hams; 11@12½ for old and new Sides, and 9@10c for Shoulders. Green Meats range at 11@12c for Hams, Prime Sides, and 9@10c for Shoulders. Lard at 14@14c for tierces and tes, and 15c for kegs, with moderate sales; irregularness are selling at 13@13c. Butter is selling freely at 12@20 for Rolls, the latter for prime; Roll is selling at 14@15. Cheese is in good request and prices firm.

GROCERIES—The market for Coffee is firmer, with reduced stock, and about 4500 bags, chiefly Rio, have changed hands, within the range of 10½@11c on time; mostly at 11@11c.

Molasses is in active request at a further advance. Sales of Cuba at 32c for clayed, and 32c for Muscovado, on time.

Sugars—The receipts and stock light, with prices fully better, sales reaching about 700 hhds Cuba, within the range of 9@9¾c, on time.

COTTON—Buyers are holding off. The week's sales will reach about 1500 bales, at irregular prices, ranging as from 12½ to 10c or 4 months, and 14@14½c for Gulf, cash and time.

ASHES—Both kinds continue scarce. Pots at 7¼c, and Pearls at 8½c.

BARK—Sold on arrival at $40@41 for 1st No 1, closing with a good demand. Of Tanners' Bark there is little or none offering or selling.

BEESWAX—Is scarce at 27½@28c ₩ lb.

COAL—Supplies continue very small, and the market continues in an unsettled condition. A few cargo sales are reported at $3 75@4 ₩ ton for White Ash, and $3 50@3 75 for Schuylkill Red.

COPPER—The demand continues limited. Small sales English Sheathing at 33½c, and Yellow Metal at 28½c, 4 months.

FEATHERS—Sales continue limited at 54@55c for Western, as to lots.

FRUIT—Sales of Messina Oranges and Lemons at $4 to 3 75 for the former, and $3@3 50 ₩ box for the latter. 300 bags Walnuts and Filberts sold at 8c. Raisins scarce and high. Apples and Peaches being sold. Green Apples and Cranberries are scarce.

FISH—There is a good store demand for Mackerel; prices are unsettled at 12½@13, 7's $11, and 5's $9 ₩ bbl. Large Fish are scarce, and 2's are worth $23 ₩ bbl in store. Herring sell slowly at $3 25@3 75 ₩ bbl. Dry Cod at $3 50 ₩ bbl.

GUANO—There is a good demand and free sales doing at $38@40 ₩ ton, cash, for Peruvian, and $ large and small lots of Columbian.

HAY AND STRAW—Little or none offering or selling.

HEMP—There has been nothing doing, and there is but little stock here to operate in.

HIDES—The market remains inactive. Buenos Ayres and Rio Grande 9@9½c ₩ lb; Brazil 7@7½c; Laguayra and Curacoa 7@8c; City Slaughter, salted, 12@12½c; Dead Green Calcutta Kipps $1,15@1,25; Slaughter Calfs $1,75@2.

HOPS are steady at 7@8c for Eastern, and 10@15c for Western crop.

IRON—Holders are firm and the stock on sale light. Sales of about 1200 tons Anthracite are reported at $28 for No 1, and $25 for No 2. Scotch Pig continues scarce at $35@37. Nothing new in Manufactured Iron.

LEAD—The market is rather dull, and the only sale that has come under our notice is 170 pigs Virginia, on terms not made public.

LUMBER—The demand is less active, but there is a fair business to note. Finished Shirting at $26@30; Spanish Sole, Oak, 37c; Slaughter do 37c; Upper, rough, side, $1,70@2,80; Calf Skins ₩ doz $12@20.

LUMBER—White Pine continues in good request, and clear Lumber is scarce. Sales of Susquehanna at $36@41, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $17@18. Yellow Pine Boards sell moderately at $14@16; Cypress Shingles at $12 for 2 feet, and $10@11 for long do. No Western Lumber arriving.

ARTIFICIAL STONE HOUSES.

As a number of our readers appear to be interested in this subject, we copy the following letter from the *Country Gentleman:*

Gentlemen—I am pleased to see that a former article of mine, upon stone houses, (the letter copied in THE POST a few weeks ago) has attracted the attention of some of your vast congregation of readers. Few things contribute so directly and radically to the real improvement of mankind, as the cheapening of the primal necessities and consequently of the luxuries of life. When every poor man can furnish himself with a well built and enduring house for less than half the former expense, he is on the way to personal independence and social elevation. He stands erect in his own castle, and feels for the first time in life that he is a MAN. I would fain contribute a mite towards so desirable a consummation.

I see that the Scientific American, in a late number, speaks somewhat disparagingly of this concrete style of building, basing its objection, however, entirely upon the Fowler method of building, laying the material up in troughs, in the wall. The American objects, and very truly, *the walls do not dry fast enough.* That is precisely the difficulty which occurred to me, in the style of building with concrete, and it was in consequence of that very trouble that I beat about for some better style of using the material in question, and finally settled upon the method current in a previous letter. My method of forming the plastic material into separate blocks of allows each one to dry thoroughly, so as to be in fact, solid rock, and this may be done within of time before the erection of the house commenced—and my method seems to me to answer to the question made by the Scientific American as to some way in which this most durable material may be more readily

of building which I propose, contemplates make say twenty or thirty boxes of suitable shape, set them on a flat, smooth surface, and work up, every morning, or every other morning, in a mortar bed, material enough of gravel, and cobble stones to fill the boxes; shovel it into the boxes or moulds, pounding in as much cobble stones as possible. Let the mass remain 24 or 48 hours, to set firmly; then lift off the box sides, put them in a new place, and fill them again. Of course the boxes are sides merely no top or bottom—and the upper surface of the concrete in the box is to be smoothed of completely. It is well, when in filling the box it is about half full, to lay in lengthways a smooth roller of wood, and fill in about it; then to-morrow, when you lift off the sides, push out the cylinder; it saves material, makes the block easier to lift, stronger in the wall, and makes the house warmer, cooler, and dryer, on account of the confined dead air in the wall.

By this means, you can hew out smooth, solid, and everlasting blocks of stone, furnishing the material for building a house at an expense almost ridiculously small. Let us reckon the cost of a house. Suppose a man of moderate wishes to build a house, one story, with eight chambers. Let the house be thirty feet square, large enough surely for a poor man. The length of a course of stone around the house would be 120 feet; suppose each block two feet wide, it would require 60 blocks for a course. Suppose the height of walls to the eaves be, say 12 feet, and the width of each block one foot, and five courses of stone will be needed, enough in all being saved from doors and windows to make the gable ends. Twelve courses of stone, 60 blocks each, requires 720 blocks for the walls of the whole house. Let a man proposing to build such a house, make 30 boxes, and by the use of his boxes every alternate morning, it will require only 24 mornings' work to hew out all the blocks for his house. Any Irishman will fill the boxes for fifty cents a half day, costing $12 for labor; put the cost of lime and expense of drawing sand and stones at an equal amount, and $24 you prepare all the materials for your house. But often the farmer and his oldest boy can do all the work of carting sand and stones, filling boxes, themselves at odd hours, so as to lose only the time.

Besides cheapness, such a house is stronger, warmer against shocks or settling, than the common concrete style, such as Fowler's. In such houses, I have seen splits and cracks, sometimes running along through the walls, which I think would hardly occur in my style, especially if the walls are well laid in hydraulic cement. A crack of this kind, cemented outside with the proper form of mastic, done by artists all through country, completes the picture of *solidity* and

To your correspondent, J., of Iowa city, asks how walls may be built of these blocks. Of course they can, only have the blocks thicker or thinner. Another good way of building cellar wall, where one is not in a hurry and can wait for it to settle, is to dig your cellar say eighteen inches or two feet larger all around, then fix your board frame two feet or eighteen inches inside the earth wall and fill in your concrete between the board frame inside and the earth wall on the other, filling the stones in liberally, and raise your frame as it hardens, and so fill upwards. Sometimes rats don't go through these walls very well without stopping to rest. This style of building is particularly adapted to the West, where timber is high and these materials are abundant, and where the boys of a farm can make all the stone for a house in a few days.

I have previously suggested what a solid and durable stone water trough for a barn-yard, may be made of concrete. I wanted to say what a capital barn-yard wall it would make, but I have said enough for once, and I think you will thank me if I put off the rest of my sermon till another day.

Lee, Mass. J. E. SANBORN.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—A contemporary is not quite satisfied respecting the feasibility of a submarine telegraph between Europe and America. It says: "If the steamers carrying cables should be disabled by storms, or fog, or what could they do?" We don't think the world need perplex himself about the matter. In such a case, they could always "drop a line."

The phrase, "to return to our mutton," quoted in the old French play of *Patelin*, where a woolen draper pleads against his shepherd concerning some stolen sheep, and continually presses to speak of a piece of cloth that his client's attorney has likewise stolen, which the judge to bid the draper return to his

not a Hercules *furens* abroad, and a Sardanapalus within thyself. To chase our enemies out of doors, and be led captive by our vices; to make our foes, and fall down to our concupiscence are solecisms in moral schools, and no less than them.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

FALLING ASLEEP.—*It is* a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds. —*Hawthorne.*

☞ A lady's maid hooked one of the best of her mistress's dresses the other day, but the affair was passed over because it was done behind the lady's back—so there was nobody to testify to the fact.

TAKING HER AT HER WORD.—A story is current in regard to an ex-actress, which is too good to be lost. We do not vouch for its authenticity, but tell the tale as it was told to us. The lady in question, ringing the bell of her parlor, demanded of the waiter who answered it, "Where are the clothes I sent to be washed yesterday?" "They are not ready yet, madam." "But I want them." "But they are not ready yet, madam." "No matter, *I want them.* Send your master here." The waiter exits, and presently one of the clerks presented himself at the door. "Where are those clothes I sent to be washed yesterday?" "Really, madam, they are not yet in readiness to send to your room." "No matter, sir. I want them." "Sorry, madam, but——" "I want them, sir!" *Send your master here!*" The clerk bit his lip, and withdrew, and ere many minutes the affable Mr. X—— knocked. "Well, Mrs.——, how can I serve you?" "Where are the clothes, sir, I sent to be washed yesterday?" "They are not ready yet, madam." "And why not, sir?" "Simply because they are not ready, madam." "Send them to me, sir. I WISH THEM." Mr. X—— bowed himself out, and in a few moments returned heading a detachment of waiters carrying two immense wash tubs. "Now, Mrs. ——," asked Mr. X——, "will you have the kindness to select from those tubs the articles which may happen to be yours?"

THE CHURCH ORNAMENT QUESTION IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SETTLED.—The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has given its decision on the final appeal, in the cases of the churches of St. Barnabas, Pimlico and St. Paul's Knightsbridge. This, as we understand it, determines finally the questions in controversy, which related to church ornaments and the arrangement of chancels for divine worship. The decision turned upon the constructions to be given to sundry rubrics and acts of Parliament. The points decided are as follows:—

It is permitted to use crosses both in the interior and on the exterior of the churches, to have super altares or wooden ledges over and behind the altars. The brazen chancel screen or gate separating the chancel from the body of the church, golden candlesticks standing on the super altar, and credence tables or preparatory altars or tables, on which the elements are placed before consecration for the Holy Communion. Changes of altar cloths, as black for lent, white for Easter, &c., are permitted. But stone altars, fixed into the body of the church and immovable, are prohibited. Altars or communion tables must be of wood, movable, and capable of being covered. This latter point is the only one decided in favor of the Evangelical party, all the others being decided favorably for the Tractarians.

DEATH OF JOHN M. KEMBLE.—John Mitchell Kemble, a son of the late Charles Kemble, and brother of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, died at Dublin, on March 26th, of inflammation of the chest. He was distinguished as an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and was the author of a work on the English Saxons. It was to him that the following sonnet was dedicated, by Tennyson, which stands in his works inscribed to J. M. K.:—

"My heart and hope are with thee—thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier priest,
To scare church harpies from the master's feast;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distilled from some worm-cankered homily;
But spurred at heart with fiercest energy
To combat still and to wait about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, lasting to bark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Browbeats his desk below. Thou from a throne
Mounted in Heaven, wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark."

MR. HUME, THE AMERICAN RAPPER AT PARIS, ORDERED TO DECAMP.—The Paris correspondent of the Brussels Independence writes:—"I can state upon authority, that the sudden departure of Mr Home, the spirit rapper, was in obedience to an order from the Emperor. The Empress was so much affected that her august consort dreaded the continuance of the diabolical scenes. The ladies of honor were not less excited than their sovereign. They could speak of nothing but the redoubtable conjuror. On the Emperor made a wise revolution in the household, and the poor devil, who, though playing the part of personage with £10,000 a year, was really penniless, has left for the country of the rappers. A few days ago the Emperor met the learned physician, M Becquerel, and remarked, "I want to consult you upon what I saw that trickster do;" and his Majesty then told how Mr. Home had made a table turn round without touching it, and cause it to be struck by an unseen hand as many times as he liked. The Emperor received from the physician the very natural reply, "Sire, I can say nothing upon facts which I have not witnessed."

A THIEF ROBBING HIMSELF.—Some few days ago, says a *London paper*, a young lady accompanied by her brother, whilst riding in an omnibus from the City to the West End, was struck with the appearance of one of her fellow-passengers, who besides being dressed in the height of fashion, wore a magnificent diamond ring, a circumstance which not unnaturally attracted the attention of the lady. On arriving at their journey's end, the sister was very anxious to know from her brother whether he had noticed the *grande-gentleman* with the magnificent ring. The circumstance, however, had escaped the brother's observation. In the course of the afternoon, the lady, having occasion for her purse, which contained in the morning some £15, discovered, alas that it was gone, but in lieu thereof, the identical diamond ring, worth sixty guineas, was left in its stead. There is no doubt that the diamond ring was the result of some previous robbery, but being too large for the thief's finger, it slipped off while abstracting the purse from the lady's pocket.

TAMPERING WITH THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.—A man by the name of Scatchard, recently arrested in New York, said that he was an adept in the telegraphic art, and while he resided in New Orleans exercised his ingenuity upon the wires as follows:—Living in the outskirts of the city, near the telegraph lines, he made a counterfeit telegraph pole with a hollow space through the centre, in which he inserted an insulated wire, and brought it in secret contact, through a hole in the glass insulator, with the main wire of the lines. Then continuing the branch wire to his own house, he was enabled to read any of the messages that were sent to or from New Orleans, and make such use of the information as he pleased.

"ABOUT AS DESTRUCTIVE."—A good thing occurred the other evening during the festivities of the dinner to Mr. Lake. "The army and our citizen soldiery" had just been toasted, and a response made by a distinguished officer present, when a gentleman at the south end of the table rose, and said he saw no reason for neglecting another honorable profession represented there, and by way of supplying the omission, he gave "The medical profession—about as destructive as the army or navy!"

This brought the house down, and a distinguished member of the profession up, who made a very humorous and amusing response to this telling hit.—*Yorkstown Whig.*

NEW MODE OF SUBPŒNAING WITNESSES.—A correspondent writes from one of the interior towns of this State to a New York paper, of a new way to subpœna witnesses:—A law suit was to come off in the town, and young "Spooney" engaged to subpœna the witnesses. The roads were almost impassable on account of the mud, and two of the witnesses living some three or four miles away, a bright idea struck his muddy pate, and forthwith was acted upon. He sat down and wrote each a letter, stating that a sum of money was deposited in his hands, which they could have by calling upon him. They called, and got a subpœna and twelve-and-a-half cents each!

NEWS ITEMS.

THE London Globe's summary of the elections for members of Parliament, is as follows: Liberals 360, Conservatives 249.

THE London Gazette contains a decree prohibiting the importation into England of cattle, hides and horns from the Russian, Prussian and Mecklenburg ports of the Baltic, whether they be in the Gulf of Finland, or between that Gulf and Lubeck. This is in consequence of the murrain or other contagious disease which prevails among the cattle at the places named, and which it is feared has been already imported into England.

THE London Court Journal announces that the marriage of the Princess Royal of England is postponed till January next. One of the reasons assigned for this postponement is, that the residence preparing for the Prince and Princess in Berlin will not be completed and fit for occupation till the end of the year. An unassigned reason is that the Princess will be only seventeen years of age in November next.

LORD PALMERSTON has given some kind of intimation to Baron Rothschild that, if possible, the Jew question shall be brought forward in the first session of the new Parliament as a Cabinet measure.

THE report that Mrs. Fanny Kemble had written to Mr Bellows, denouncing the stage, is a mistake. Mr. Bellows said, at the Dramatic Dinner: "I beg here to say, that no such letter has ever been written or received. Let me say, in reference to this distinguished lady, that in the pursuit of an investigation which I felt bound to go into, on the influence of the stage, I have had a very interesting correspondence with her, and have received extremely interesting and valuable suggestions, which I hope, on some other occasion, to be permitted to lay before some portion of the persons here present."

THE Paris Journal des Debats has had the boldness to declare that the existence of secret societies in France is the natural result of denying to the people and the press the right of free discussion.

THE massacre of white settlers in Minnesota by Indians, is confirmed. It took place at Big Head, Blue Earth county, where forty persons were killed, and several women carried off prisoners. Rumors are rife that the Sioux and Chippewas have combined against the whites.

CHICAGO, April 27.—The latest intelligence from the scene of the Indian troubles in Minnesota, is to the effect that on the 12th inst., a battle was fought at Wulanwan river, thirty miles above Mankato, between the Indians and the St. Peter Volunteers, under command of General Dodd. Twelve Indians were killed and several wounded. The volunteers did not lose a man.

AT THE Orthodox Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in this city last week, the prospect of a separation was very great, a motion to that effect having been made by a member of the Gurney party. After a very stormy and protracted debate of six hours' duration, it was agreed to refer the whole question to a committee consisting of representatives from all the Quarterly Meetings. As this committee will not report until next year, the settlement of this important question is postponed until that time. The Wilbur party compose about three-fourths of the meeting, and have hitherto controlled its action.

MODERN BARBARISM.—A return shows that in the year 1856, the total number of punishments by flogging in the English navy amounted to 1,333, and the total number of lashes inflicted to 42,154.

DELIGHTFUL PROSPECT.—Hume, the table-turner and magnetizer, who has of late excited such attention in Paris, has predicted to M. Alexandre Dumas that he would live to the age of 113 years, and be killed in a duel.

FASHIONABLE ECCENTRICITY.—A portion of the wealthy young idlers in Paris have formed a new club, the rules of which are decidedly eccentric. It has taken the title of *Societe pour l'encouragement et la production des femmes blondes*, (Society for the encouragement and production of fair women,) and on admittance each member takes a solemn oath, and gives a pledge, not to bestow his hand, his heart, and his affections on any lady who cannot boast of fair hair. The peculiar shade is immaterial, but every member who infringes this regulation by marrying a dark-haired beauty is to forfeit 1,000 francs.

A CHANCE FOR THE WHITTINGTONS.—Placards have been posted on the walls of Gloucester, England, announcing that some person at Bristol is in want of 2,000 cats for Australia. Those who have any of the feline species to dispose of, are requested to bring them to a place appointed in the bill, on a given date, when the captain of the ship will be in attendance to negotiate with the proprietors.

HUMAN CHESSMEN.—At a grand ball recently given in Hanover by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the proceedings commenced by a procession of living chessmen—the kings, queens, and other pieces all magnificently dressed. After the procession, the pieces took up a position on a gigantic board prepared for the occasion. Two magicians then played a game, which excited great interest and entertainment.

KILL OR CURE.—Tumouchie, a war chief of the Utah Indians, put two native physicians to death, because they failed to cure two of his wives, who died under their care. He sent them, to use his own philanthropic expression, *to look after their patients.*

PLAIN SPEAKING TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Father Ventura, at Paris, continues his denunciations of courtly vices in terms still more energetic than before. In his sermon of Sunday, in the Chapel of the Tuileries, and in the presence of the Emperor and the courtiers, he spoke almost as if he had received the confessions of his auditory, and was authorized to declare them from the pulpit. He addressed himself directly to the Emperor, and declared that, even if his life was moral and edifying, it was not sufficient if he did not stigmatize and drive from his presence all who might scandalize the public by their vices, their corruption or their profligacy. He said the Emperor was in error if he thought his private acts were confined to the walls of his palace; he, and men like him, lived in a house of glass, and no secrets were safe from the prying eyes and the infidelity of courtiers. He told him that he was looked up to as a superior being, with powers for good or for evil superior to all others, and that consequently more was expected from him. He denounced those who might sell the favor or protection of the court for gold, and who had grown rich in iniquity.

PARADISE, PURGATORY, AND T'OTHER PLACE.—We find the following anecdote in an interesting paper on Bolivia, by M. Fauvre-Clavelras, Consul-General of France, which appears in the *Revue Contemporaine.* A parish priest in one of the villages of the State has had the bright idea of dividing his church into three sections, each painted of a different color. That nearest the altar he has called Paradise; the next Purgatory; and the third a place it would not be proper to name. Whenever a death occurs in his parish, he calls upon the family to inquire where they wish the soul of the deceased to go! If to Paradise, it is so much; Purgatory, it is somewhat less, and the last place is "dog-cheap." Of course, the Indian will not hear of his dear relations going to Gehenna, so he parleys with the honest Padre, and after a severe struggle between his conscience and his purse, generally comes down handsomely, and the revered defunct is duly installed in Paradise.

HOOP CASUALTY.—A Hopkinton, Mass., correspondent of the Providence Transcript relates that a full rigged, full hooped city belle who was visiting in that town, having seen with what ease the country lasses "clear" a fence when they cut "across lots" to visit a neighbor, attempted to emulate this vigorous style of athleticness, one day, as a high fence obstructed her path. The topmost rail was gained, when awful to relate, just at the instant when she jumped for the earth, her "hoops" twined fast about a firmly planted post, and the lady fair found herself in a most uncomfortable pendant position, her head coming near where she had expected to find her pretty little feet, while they, *vice versa*, were occupying quite an aerial position. She remained in this decid-dly bad fix for a full half hour, when she was released by an honest farmer, who ungallantly chided her for wearing hoops

ADDRESS OF SECRETARY STANTON TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS.—QUINDARO, K. T., April 25.—Secretary Stanton publishes an address to the people of Kansas, in the Lecompton Union, in which he says that the Administration recognized the authority of the Territorial Legislature, and the validity of the Territorial Laws; and especially recognized the Act providing for a Constitutional Convention.

It presumes the Convention will submit the vital question of the Domestic Institutions of the State for the subsequent vote of the people. He thinks that Congress will then admit the Territory into the Union as a State immediately. And he recommends a general amnesty of past enmities and persecutions. He expects the arrival of Gov. Walker about the middle of May.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TOO LATE—
Consequence and trouble will always await
Those who trifle with matters until it's "too late;"
In business affairs, as a matter of course,
This remark will apply with a powerful force:
Then let all resolve on their work they intend,
While the spirits are buoyant, the hands ready-prepared,
For failure with Zoa, Holden's great style would be best:
He sells it at such matters is certainly great,
And you never can—don't delay till "too late."

Saint "Helena" may be established as the natural Clothing Emporium of Gimcrackville Settler, No "29" Chestnut Street, above Sixth.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29 tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Cameos, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Crook only, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct 1f

THE ESSENTIALS OF GENTILITY.
"What constitutes a gentleman?" you ask:—
The answer costs some labor and invention,
For out of all the fifty throats who bask
In notions of sunshine, and lay claim pretension
To that grand title, not 1 but wear the mask.
And are not what they seem: my apprehension
Is, (for I gentleman,—for more nor less,—
Is one whose virtues wear a fitting dress.

Dress and address are everything in this world, and the best place to secure the first, by means of the second, is to address yourself to Rockhill & Wilson, at their Palatial Clothing Store, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style) Chestnut street above Sixth, Philadelphia.

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Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
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The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its excellence and universal popularity. The Ladies universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.
Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WYCKOFF & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 52 Liberty St., New York. apr4-tf

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—We hear of fresh triumphs every day from the use of the Oxygenated Bitters. The cures it is effecting on every side are without precedent. People who have suffered from Dyspepsia for years have been entirely relieved by a few bottles.

THE DEAD RESTORED TO LIFE.—A few years ago it was generally supposed that gray hair could not be restored to its original color, or made to grow on bald heads; but since the advent of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, many persons who died years ago are now seen daily in the various walks of life, appearing in all the vigor of youth, wearing their own dark flowing locks, simply from having used this great Restorative.—*Louisville Times.*
For sale by all Druggists.

COUNTERFEIT WISTAR'S BALSAM.
We would caution the purchasers of the *Balsam of Wild Cherry* against an imitation article which has made its appearance in many places, and which might deceive the unwary by its resemblance to the genuine bottle. Of the numerous counterfeits spoken of, the public may always be found ready to counteract anything by which they can put money in their pockets, and they are sure to choose the most popular and well known article on which to practice their villainies. It is a lamentable fact that there are also dealers in medicines who are willing to lend themselves to carry out this imposition, by selling such *trash* as genuine, because they can buy it for less than half the cost of the real article. Should such a man as you would a dealer in counterfeit money, for he is the worst scamp of the two.
They have never dared to forge the written signature of I. Butts, having a wholesome fear of the State Prison before their eyes. *Be sure that you find on the outside wrapper the written signature of I. BUTTS,* and you may rely upon its being genuine. Buy none other.
SETH W. FOWLE & Co., 131 Washington Street, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere. ap25-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Feb. 12th, by the J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN HANSEY, to Miss KATE TOMAN, both of this city. New York papers please copy.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. G. Strobel, Mr. TIMOTHY MCCARTHY, to ELIZA HAZLETT, both of this city.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOHN O. PAYNTER, to Miss CATHARINE E. ALCORN, both of this city.

On the 16th of Sept. last, by the Rev. William Erie, Mr. FRANK C. PAUL, to Miss AMANDA N. EVANS, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM MCINDOE, to Miss FANNY WOOD, both of Schuylkill Falls.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JACOB G. BENNET, to Miss CHRISTINE LOGAN, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. V. R. Demme, D. D., Mr. ARTHUR A. VIGILIUS, of New York, to Miss JOSEPHINE C. daughter of Mr. Charles Bernheim, of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor Blackwood, Mr. AMOS A. BOYD, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON, of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM S. REDGRAVE, of Baltimore, Md. to KATE L. daughter of Robert J. Park, of this city.

On the 12th of Jan. by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. SAMUEL LISTER, to Miss ELIZABETH M. WIGGINS, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Mr. ISAIAH HADDON, of this city, to Miss ASHLINE DURELL, of Delaware county.

On the 18th of Feb. by the Rev. Charles Hull, Mr. DANIEL P. NAYLOR, to Miss REBECCA HANCOCK, both of Burlington, N. J.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Wessel, Mr. JOHN G. NOTHARDT, to Miss SALOME KIRSCHENMAN, daughter of Mr. Gottfield Kirschenman, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. F. L. Kregel, Mr. WILLIAM W. MAYBERRY, to Miss MARY J. ALLEN, daughter of Joseph L. Allen, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of March, JOHN HENRY, son of E. H. and Mary A. Hawkins, in the 8th year of his age.

On the 24th ultimo, at Burlington, N. Jersey, ELLA PEW, daughter of Geo. W. and Esther C. Pew, aged 1 year and 4 months.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA FORD, aged 80 years.

On the 22d ultimo, HARRY H. son of John F. and Mary A. Hight, aged 5 years.

On the 21st ultimo, MARGARET, wife of Jas. Conner, aged 65 years.

On the 20th ultimo, ELIJAH ROTHWELL, aged 21 years.

On the 21st ultimo, ANNA LINTON, aged 15 years and 6 months.

On the 20th ultimo, JOHN BOWMAN, aged 25 years.

On the 23th ultimo, JUDITH SMITH, aged 80 years.

On the 21st ultimo, GEORGE SNYDER, aged 77 years.

On the 21st ultimo, PETER CARR, aged 75 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr. GEORGE MINGLE, aged 33 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Miss ALICE TOY, aged 36 years.

On the 21st ultimo, JOHANA, wife of James D. Rankin, aged 32 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MARY, wife of Charles Elam, aged 42 years.

On the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM M. SMITH, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 20th ultimo, MARY ELISA, daughter of Chas. and Catharine Funck, aged 5 years.

On the 24th ultimo, in Bucks county, Pa., Mr. THOMAS MOORHOUSE, aged 64 years.

On the 19th ultimo, ALBERT JUDSON, son of John and Anna Sears, aged 13 years and 4 months.

On the 15th ultimo, EMILY R. LANDON, aged 24 years and 2 months.

On the 16th ultimo, DAVID STRUBLE, aged 52 years.

On the 18th ultimo, JACOB ROSE, son of John and Julia Flannery, aged 8 years.

On the 18th ultimo, MARY A. DAILEY.

On the 19th ultimo, MARK A. MADDEN, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 19th ultimo, Mr. ROBERT WATT, aged 58 years.

At Wilmington, Del. on the 18th ultimo, Miss SARAH KEAN, aged 74 years.

CARPETINGS.

J. S. DEPUY & SONS, Masonic Hall,
Chestnut Street below Eighth, Philadelphia,
Would call the attention of the public to the large and varied assortment of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, &c., which they are selling very cheap for Cash, or City acceptances, Wholesale and Retail. my2-3t

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For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by C. H. NEEDLES, Pharmaceutist and Dealer in Trusses and Braces, S. W. corner of 11th and Race Sts., Phila. my2-2t

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Medicine rendered pleasant to the taste of Children.

HOLLOWAY'S WORM CONFECTIONS are purely vegetable in their composition, and prepared according to the latest improvements in Pharmaceutical Chemistry, by which we are able to separate the active principles of medicines from their nauseous and bulky accompaniments, and present them in a more concentrated and reliable form than in the crude state. In these confections we have the active principles of the most effectual vermifuges, free from their unpleasant taste and odors, and more safe and certain in their effects. They are warranted safe, pleasant and effectual, in suited quantities that can be applied to no other preparation now before the public.

Chittenango, Madison County, New York, February 24, 1857.

I think them the most elegant and efficient article for worms heretofore, now before the public.
J. T. TELLER, Physician and Druggist.

For sale at Wholesale by Charles T. Carney, Boston; Barnes & Park, New York; Rockers & Caple, Baltimore; George H. Keyser, Pittsburg, and T. H. Logan & Co., Wheeling, Virginia.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, Manufacturers, No. 16 South 9th St., Phila. 18

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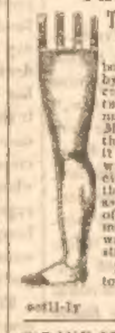

THIS AMERICAN INVENTION STANDS UNRIVALLED,
both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,500 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other artificial limbs, at the late Franklin Institute and American manufactures, it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition in London*, as the *best artificial limb known.* In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest or first premium.* And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—*only Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.
Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.
H. FRANK PALMER,
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GRAVE STONES—GRAVE STONES.—Persons in want of Monuments or Grave Stones of any kind, can see a large variety that cannot fail to please, at the Marble Works of ADAM STEINMETZ, Ridge Avenue below 11th, Phila. ap11-3t

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES AND JEWELRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Gold Hunting Lever Watches, full Jewelled, 18 Ks. Case, only	$40,00
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Silver Levers, Full Jewelled, Hunting Case	18,00
Silver Levers, Full Jewelled, Open Face	14,00
Silver Lepine Watches	9,00
Gold Fob, Vest, or Guard Chains	12,00

Wit and Humor.

A RED COAT IN DISGUISE.

At a convivial party, at which Mr. Webster and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happening to turn on the legal profession, Mr. Webster related the following story:

When I was a young practitioner, said Mr. Webster, there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were but a few men who dared enter the lists with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little crabbed, cunning lawyer, named Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost, when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and unless it could be impeached, the case of the defendant was lost.

The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up the evidence, old Barnaby commenced a furious attack upon this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circumstances, to be believed. "And who is this red-coated witness," exclaimed Barnaby, "but a descendant of our common enemy, who had striven to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his land, by making any sort of red coated statement?"

During his speech, Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing as he did the prejudice of the jury against anything British. While, however, Barnaby was gesticulating and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal, his shirt bosom slightly opened, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red under shirt.

Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both his hands in his coat pockets, he walked the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all lookers-on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered in his client's ear, I've got him—your case is safe; and approaching the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary.

Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to his country, and his character for truth and veracity. "But what, gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, "what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a case based on no foundation of right or justice whatever, of the man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when, gentlemen of the jury—when, when, gentlemen of the jury!"—here Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel—"when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a red flannel coat concealed under a blue one!" The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beat at his own game, and Bruce gained the case.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE DANGER OF SPEAKING ENGLISH-FRENCH.

A day or two ago, a couple of Englishmen came to the Hotel du Louvre, and took a room together. The morning after their arrival, the eldest came down stairs, and said to the waiter: "*Garkon, ne laissez pas sortir le fou!*" The waiter bowed and scraped, and said he not should not leave the house. I suppose it is scarcely necessary to translate this command, and tell you it means: "Don't let the lunatic go out." Up stairs the waiter went, and double-locked the door of the room in which the lunatic was confined. Time rolled on, and the lunatic became impatient to go out and admire Paris, of which he had heard so much; but the door was double-locked. He threw up the window, which looked into the court-yard, and bawled for the servant to open the door. The idlers of the hotel were soon collected, and the waiter stood making signs to all the expressive gesticulations of this nation of born actors, that he was coming to open the door; he explained to the assembled throng that it was an unfortunate lunatic travelling in charge of a keeper. Occasionally the waiter would disappear, as if he was about to run up stairs and open the door. This lasted from 12 o'clock until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the unhappy Englishman becoming more and more frantic as he found all his appeals in vain. At 5 o'clock the first Englishman returned, having "done" the Louvre to his great satisfaction, and found his friend very red in the face, hoarse with bawling, and half-dead with hunger. "How in the deuce is it," said he, to the waiter, "that you stupidly locked up my friend?" "*Mais! comment,*" said the astonished waiter, "you told me '*ne laissez pas sortir le fou.*'" "*Eh bein?*" replied the Englishman. "*Voila le fou toujours enfermé.*" (There is the lunatic still locked up.) Another Englishman, who was standing by, saw there must be some error, and asked the Englishman what he ordered the waiter to do. "Do?" said he, "I told the fool not to let the *fire go out*, the new walls of the hotel are so deuced damp!" "Ah!" said the meditating Englishman, roaring with laughter, "you looked into the dictionary, and saw that the French for 'Don't let go out' was '*ne laissez pas sortir*,' and you thought that the phrase might be applied in France as well as in England, to men as well as to fires, and you pronounced *feu* (fire) as barbarously as all of us Englishmen do, and made it *fou*. The fault is all on your side; give the waiter a good *pour boire* for the faithful manner in which he has discharged his duty.—*Paris Newspaper.*

THE GRAND BOOJER.—At Caldwell, in Burleson county, one of the gentlemen asked me if I had seen the new instrument.

"What instrument?"

"The *grand boojer.*"

"I never heard of it before; what is it?"

"I don't know, only that." He pointed to a large poster on the wall, advertising "*L. Gilbert's celebrated patent grand boudoir and square Piano Fortes.*"—*Olmstead's Texas Journey.*

BUYING A CAPACITY.—A young lady, the daughter of a wealthy liquor-dealer, who was thoroughly uneducated, was sent to a fashionable school, to learn all possible accomplishments. The principal of the establishment informed the fond father, after some time, that his daughter's *capacity* was *not equal to the task*, and she was afraid he would be disappointed. "*Buy her a capacity then*," said he; "*I don't care for the expense—buy her one that is equal to it.*"

WILLIAM WIRT AND TOM CORWIN.—It is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called, was once trying a case in which he was opposed to the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

Wirt—Have you read Robinson Crusoe?

Witness—Yes.

Wirt—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Well, yes, squire; I don't know but what I do.

The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's Travels, and several other works of fiction. Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him with a bland smile. Mr. Corwin said he had only one question to ask, and he put it:

Mr. Corwin—Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?

Witness—Yes.

Corwin—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Why, no, squire; I can't go that.

A SATIRICAL SENIOR.—One of those old gentlemen whose age is supposed to entitle them to say anything, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China: "Well, sir, well; you're going to Canton, eh, sir? well, I can only say I hope you won't fall into the hands of the Chinamen, alive or dead; for if you're alive they'll kill you, and if you're dead, or when you're dead, they'll eat you. Sir, I believe it's an undoubted fact that the Chinese eat puppies."—*Punch.*

FLOWERS.

Nay, I'll not give thee tears! Such, shed for thee,
Should fall from unaccustom'd eyes of heaven,
Useless, immortal. Rather let me heap
Flowers over thee, such flowers as wear, like thee
And like the angels, beauty that is one
With goodness: snow-drops, ever pure and pale
As love's first innocence; and most akin
In fate, those hapless children of the spring:
Primroses, with a life not long enough
For all their beauty: daisies, that are sweet
With tenderness that turns the heart to tears,
For such hadst thou: roses, that, when they die,
Have odorous dissolution, making nights
Of summer faint with incense—so to death,
As to a dark and gorgeous Eastern dream
Of gloom'd luxuriance, didst thou go down:
White lilies, like thy royal soul, which wore
Her queendom with such meekness as did make
The more imperial away. —*Cradock Newton.*

RAT'S FRIENDS.—Spite of the disgust which he excites in most persons of a refined nature, Rat has his admirers. In China dried split rats are sold as a dainty; in Siam the people keep tame rats, which walk about the room, and crawl up the legs of the inmates, who pet them as they would a dog. They are caught young, and attaining a monstrous size by good feeding, take the place of our cats, and entirely free the house of their own kind. There are even those who think them handsome! A writer in the *London Quarterly* says:—

"A close observation of these animals entirely conquers the antipathy which is entertained towards them. Their sharp and handsome heads, their bright eyes, their intelligent look, their sleek skins, are the very reverse of repulsive, and there is positive attraction in the beautiful manner in which they sit licking their faces, an occupation in which they pass a considerable portion of their time."

This is a little too strong. The little brute may have his virtues, but we cannot adopt him as a pet.

PRINTING IN CHINA.—According to the best authority, the art of printing was known in China upwards of 900 years ago. In the time of Confucius, B. C. 600, books were formed of slips of bamboo; and about 150 years after Christ, paper was first made; A. D. 745 books were bound into leaves; A. D. 900, printing was in general use. The process of printing is simple. The materials consist of a graver, blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place. Without wheel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than 2,500 impressions in one day. The paper (thin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius, six volumes, 400 leaves octavo, can be bought for ninepence. For an historical novel, twenty volumes, 1,500 leaves, half-a-crown is the price among the Chinese.—*Montgomery Martin's China.*

PLAYING CARDS IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIMES.—Cards was a favorite diversion with the higher ranks. The principal games then played are now extinct; such as "pimero," "gleek," "maw," "ruff," and "knave-out-of-doors." There were games of tables, of which that called "tables" was identical with our modern backgammon. Dice were much in use, and false dice were constantly employed by sharpers. Shakspeare's expression, "False as dicers' oaths," bears strictly on his own time. False dice were called Fullams in the time of the Restoration, because they were made at Fulham.—*Lecture by Robert Bell.*

MAKING AN EFFORT FOR LIFE.—Lord Cockburn says of old Adam Ferguson, the historian of Rome, who dressed like a philosopher from Lapland, "that he lived fifty years longer than nature meant, by rigid care. Wine and animal food besought his appetite in vain; but huge messes of milk and vegetables disappeared before him, always in the never falling cloth and fur. I never heard of his dining out, except at his relation, Dr. Joseph Black's, where his son Sir Adam (the friend of Scott) used to say, it was delightful to see the two philosophers *rioting* over a boiled turnip."

A LOCKJAW NAME.—Siam is governed by two kings. Nominally tributary to the Emperor of China, the first of these potentates is in fact absolute. His name is Phra Bard Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut Phra Chom Klau Chan yu Hua. Nor will the reader be surprised at this nomenclature on learning that an ancestor of the present monarch rejoiced in the following polysyllable: Shanlitpaklapchinkulungjimalulukwansz;—and that the father of the reigning sovereign was blessed with seven hundred wives. The two kings are singularly enlightened.—*Sir John Bowring.*

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."—Jan. 30.—This day, my great, great, great-grandfather, Charles the First, was *be-nobbed!* and well he deserved it; he was a Jesuitical, hypocritical rascal as ever wore a crown. He died with pluck, because he was in his right place, on a scaffold!—not the right place as a king, but as a man.—God rest his soul! but he was a bad king, a bad soldier, and a bad man."—*Sir Charles Napier's Memoirs.*

STUDIOUS BOY.—"Johnny! I advise you not to be a good boy!"

JOHNNY.—"Why?"

STUDIOUS BOY.—"Because in books all good boys die, you know!"

Agricultural.

MANURING FRUIT TREES.

The Dutch, who are admirable gardeners, had in the great exhibition an instrument called an "earth borer," for manuring fruit trees without digging the ground. A circle of holes is bored around the tree at two feet distance from the tree, and a foot from each other. Taking the tree at a foot diameter at the surface of the soil, the circle will be five feet in diameter and fifteen feet in circumference; and if the holes are three inches diameter and a foot apart—fifteen inches—there will be about twelve holes; more or less, according to the diameter of the tree. They are eighteen inches deep (where there is enough depth of soil), and slanting towards the centre; are filled with liquid manure, diluted more or less in dry weather, and stronger as the weather is wetter. For the time of application, Dr. Lindley tells us, in the Gardener's Chronicle, Feb. 21, 1852,—"For fruit, the proper time for using liquid manure, is when the fruit is beginning to swell, and has acquired, by means of its own surface, a power of suction capable of opposing that of the leaves. At that time, liquid manure may be applied freely, and continued from time to time as long as the fruit is growing. But at the first sign of ripening, or even earlier, it should be wholly withheld. If liquid manure is applied to a plant when the flowers are growing, the vigor which it communicates to them, must also be communicated to the leaves, but when leaves are growing unusually fast, there is sometimes a danger that they may rob the branches of the sap required for the nutrition of the fruit; and, if that happens, the latter falls off. And we all know that, when ripening has begun, even water spoils the quality of fruit, although it augments the size, as is sufficiently shown by the strawberries prepared for the London market by irrigation; great additional size is obtained, but it is at the expense of flavor, and any injury which mere water may produce, will certainly not be diminished by water holding ammoniacal and saline substances in solution." I am not aware that this information has made its way into our orchards, finding no allusion to it in any of our books on orchard management, nor at our agricultural meetings. The time is just coming for putting it to the test, and it remains with the fruit growers to see what profit they can make of it. They need, in these times, all they can get, and this method has the recommendation of requiring little outlay, if any.—*Mark-Lane Express.*

STEEPING AND SPROUTING SEED.

The steeping of seeds for the purpose of promoting their early germination, and the speedier growth of the young plants, has not been practiced on a scale sufficiently extensive to authorize any very positive assertions, or any very confident recommendations in regard to it. Still it has been practiced to a considerable extent in the case of some garden seeds, and also in the case of some cereals and other seeds of field crops, though to a much less extent. The facts which have been made public in regard to such experimental trials, together with those which have come under our own personal observation, seem to warrant the following statements and suggestions:

First of all it is highly desirable, in the case of several crops, that everything *should* be done, which *can* be done, to hasten the germination of some seeds, and the early growth of some plants. An early spring, without any weather afterwards sufficiently cold to check growth, is usually accounted a fortunate occurrence, indeed, for the majority of crops, whether of the garden or the farm. There are some, however, which it is especially important to hurry forward as much as possible. For example, it is of much importance to place the seeds of carrots and beets in the most favorable condition for early germination and growth, as, without extra pains and facilities for this purpose, the seeds of these plants are so exceedingly slow in starting, that the young plants are almost choked by the much speedier growth of weeds. Again, in the case of barley, early germination and growth are important, as the crop is seldom good unless it has been got in early in the season; and more especially is early vegetation important when the summer proves hot and dry. Other instances of the same kind might be named; but it seems unnecessary to occupy time in doing this, as they will readily occur to such as have much experience in the cultivation either of garden or field crops.

Waiving the consideration of hot-beds and other methods, more or less generally adopted to hasten the growth of sundry garden crops, our observations will have reference principally to field plants. It is, however, chiefly with plants common to garden and field, as the carrot, the parsnip, the turnip, and beets of several kinds, that the steeping of seeds has been most generally practiced. The seeds of these plants have often been buried in a bag in a warm spot, or steeped in tepid water and kept in a warm place until they begin to sprout, or at least show signs of putting forth the tender radicle. When this method of hastening germination is adopted, the seeds may be deprived of any moisture which hinders easy sowing, by an admixture of sand, loam, plaster, &c. The seed of Indian corn when very dry, might almost always be treated in this way with advantage. We say "*almost always*," for we have witnessed a case during the last season, in which much of the seed so steeped and treated was destroyed by the occurrence of a severe drought immediately upon planting. But except in such a case of *severe* drought, germination and growth may certainly be accelerated in the case of such seeds and plants as we have named, so as to secure maturity several days, or even a week or two sooner than otherwise. The steeping of turnip seed in a dilute solution of guano, (in the absence of which, hen, hog, or sheep manure might be substituted,) has so far hastened the growth of the young plants as to prevent seemingly the depredations of the turnip fly.

Those who sow but a small amount of barley, oats, or spring wheat, might secure an advance of several days growth by steeping the seed in tepid water, or a solution of guano, nitrate of soda, crude saltpetre, &c., or liquid from the manure heap, of the temperature of seventy or eighty degrees, from six to twelve or even twenty-four hours. Where large amounts are to be sown, it would be more difficult to secure the proper temperature, and to use the steeped seed at the proper stage of germination.

Peas may have boiling water poured upon them, which will destroy bugs without injuring the germinating power, even if kept in the water till it cools.

Useful additions to our knowledge on this subject might be made by sowing steeped seeds by the side of unsteeped, and by using manurial solutions of various kinds and strengths as steeps.—*Country Gentleman.*

TO SAVE GIRDLED TREES, AND PREVENT MICE OR RABBITS FROM GIRDLING.—One of my neighbors, an amateur fruit-grower, as well as a natural mechanic and practical farmer, boxed his trees, and saved them. I am now following his experiment, and hope to be successful.

Manner of Boring.—Take a thin sharp chisel, and cut into the fresh bark and wood, above and below the girdle, to the depth of one-fourth of an inch, a little beveling, so as to hold the scions, then, with the chisel, pare off the bark and wood from the upper to the lower incision, making it level and fresh, then cut a small limb from the tree, and flatten one side, so that it will fit closely to the spot prepared on the tree, leaving the back on the other side; cut the ends to suit the bevel, leaving the scions a little long, so that it will press on the ends; then spring it in, by raising the middle. Put these scions, or sap conductors, an inch or two apart, around the tree, as far as girdled, and then wind a strip of muslin around the centre, and tie it firmly. If the whole peeled surface is covered with the cloth, it will probably facilitate the process of healing. Then bank the tree above the place girdled, and if treated thus in the early spring, probably most of the girdled trees may be saved.

But there is wisdom in the old saying, that "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." While engaged in trying to remedy the injury, it occurred to me that it might have been prevented, by simply bending a piece of tin, from eight to twelve inches long, in tube form, around the tree, when set; or any time before injured, letting the end of the tube reach a little below the surface of the ground.

Old tin pails, or pans, sheet iron, or scraps of tin from the shops, may be used, by those who wish to economise; thus, with a little extra pains, all the injury to trees from mice or rabbits, may be prevented.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

DESTROYING GRASSHOPPERS.—A plan was successfully tried in this country, in July, 1826, by Mr. Arnold Thompson, of Epsom, New Hampshire, who caught, in one evening, between the hours of 8 and 12, in his own and neighbors' grain fields, 5 bushels and 3 pecks of grasshoppers, or more properly locusts. His mode was by attaching two sheets together, and fastening them to a pole, which was used as the front part of the drag. The pole extended beyond the width of the sheets, so as to admit persons on both sides to draw it forward. At the sides of the drag, braces extended from the pole to raise the back part considerably from the ground, so that the grasshoppers could not escape. After running the drag about a dozen rods with rapidity, the braces were taken out and the sheets doubled over; the insects were then swept from each end towards the centre of the sheet, where there was left an opening to the mouth of a bag, which held about half a bushel; when deposited and tied up, the drag was again opened and ready to proceed. When this bag was filled so as to become burthensome, (their weight is about the same as the same measure of corn,) the bag was opened into a larger one, and the grasshoppers received into a new deposit. The drag can be used only in the evening, when the grasshoppers are perched on the top of the grain. His manner of destroying was by dipping the large bags into boiling water. When boiled, they have a reddish appearance, and make a fine feast for the farmers' hogs.

TO GROW SWEET POTATOES AT THE NORTH.—Select your richest and most sandy soil; if you have no sandy soil, then your highest and dryest loam; plough it deep, not less than eight inches; cover with a coat of well-rotted manure; cross-plough, and deep; one week before planting out your sets, say 15th of May, draw upon the ground fresh barnyard manure; spread it say four inches thick, and eighteen inches wide, in rows; then cover, by ploughing a deep furrow each side; you have now a ridge or bed nearly two and a-half feet broad at the bottom, and one at the top; over this top, spread two inches thick of refuse charcoal, from the old coal-pit or your coal bin; set your plants on this ridge, one in every two feet; keep them clean of weeds, and the tops or vines from taking root, from time to time, as they grow.

The variety among sweet potatoes is, perhaps, as great as among Irish potatoes; and one sweet potato is not as good as another, any more than one Irish potato is as good as another. Those who are about to procure seed for sprouting sets, or those intending to purchase sets, should therefore be careful to know what kind of a sweet potato or plant they are purchasing. Our own experience is, that the variety having a vine or top, with dark green, not reddish foliage, and producing an oblong obovate or ovate pyriform tuber, that is, of a rich pale yellow, both outside and in, is the best variety. Some say the vine and tuber of the red sweet potato will endure more frost.—But this we think a mistake.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—1. Look at its *color*; if it is white, with a slighly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a blueish cast, or with black specks in it, the flour is not good: 2. Examine its *adhesiveness*; wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat, is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of the dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy.

TO MAKE SUPERIOR RAISIN WINE.—The water that is to be used in making this wine should be boiled, and then allowed to become perfectly cool. To every gallon of this water put into a sound, sweet cask eight pounds of fine Malaga raisins, taking away only the large stalks. When the cask is full, lay the bung lightly over, stir the wine every other day, and keep the cask full, by the addition of water prepared as above directed. When the fermentation has entirely ceased, which will be in about seven weeks, press in the bung, and leave the wine untouched for twelve months. On the expiration of this time, draw the wine off into a clean cask; and, if necessary, fine it with isinglass, tied in a muslin bag, and suspended in it. Excellent vinegar can be made from the refuse raisins, by pouring fresh water on them, and placing the cask in the sun. Spring is, perhaps, the best time for making the wine.

TO REMOVE WAX FROM CLOTH.—Wax may be taken out of cloth, by holding a red-hot iron within an inch or two of the marks, and afterward rubbing them with a soft, clean rag.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.—Lampas is neither more nor less than a torpidity of the vessels of the palate, caused by an inflammatory condition of the gums which frequently attends the teething process. In such a case we ought, instead of burning out, to remove the cause by lacerating the gums, and even this is seldom called for. I find that in tumefaction of the mouth, arising from whatever cause it may indicate, cooling and astringent washes are useful—a weak solution of alum is very good, or an infusion of witch-hazel or bayberry bark will answer the same purpose.—*T. Webb, Veterinary Surgeon.*

TO MAKE A SUPERIOR WASHING FLUID.—Dissolve 1 pound of sal. soda in 1 quart of hot water, and add to it 4 quarts of lime water; when this settles, pour off the clear. Next dissolve 8 ounces of borax in 1 quart of boiling water, and add it to the 6 quarts of clear water. When cold, dissolve in it 2 or three ounces of pulverized carbonate ammonia. Put it in bottles, and keep it tightly corked. This fluid makes strong, thick "suds," makes washing less injurious to the hands, and it cleans the clothes with less rubbing. Use half pint, or less, to about 5 gallons of water; put it, with some soap, into the tub of clothes the night before washing-day, or a short time before boiling the clothes.—*Cor. Scientific American.*

TALLOW CANDLES FOR WARM WEATHER.—The only true way of getting hard tallow, is to disunite the oil or soft part from it; but as this duty is left for science and mechanism, I will state what I have used most successfully, viz., beeswax, at the rate of one of wax to ten of tallow; more if you wish to make still harder. There is a difficulty in using too much wax. The candle will, in shrinking, ring or crack considerably. I have had them split from one end to the other. Caution is required in using wax, but it will not injure the burning.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS BALANCED AGAINST MILITARY GLORY.—Nineteen long letters from Lord Ellenborough! He has made me Governor of Scinde, with additional pay; and he has ordered the captured guns to be cast into a triumphal column, with our names. I wish he would let me go back to my wife and girls,—it would be more to me than pay, glory, and honors; eight months now away from them, and my wife's strange dream realized. This is glory! is it? Yes! Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me and attached to my own country. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it that, the moment I can, all shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches repay me for absence from them. Otherwise, this sort of life is life to me; is agreeable, as it may enable me to do good to these poor people. Oh! if I can do any good thing to serve them where so much blood has been shed in accursed war, I shall be happy. May I never see another shot fired! Horrid, horrid war! Yet, how it wins upon and hardens one when in command! No young man can resist the temptation, I defy him! but thirty and sixty are different.—*The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier.* [The "dream," says Sir William Napier, the editor of the book, "was this:—While living at Caen, Mrs. Napier had a vivid dream or vision, showing her that her husband would be rich and powerful, and have a great name, and that the scene of his aggrandizement would be India."]

The Riddler.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 6, 3, 4, 9, was a Roman biographer.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 3, 7, presided over the Muses.
My 3, 2, 20, 7, 9 was one of the Cyclades.
My 4, 3, 15, 22, was a nymph of Diana.
My 5, 2, 15, 23, was a noted courtesan of Corinth.
My 6, 21, 13, 4, 5, 24, 22, was a comic poet of Athens.
My 7, 6, 3, 4, 17, 6, was a nymph of Mount Ida.
My 8, 6, 12, 6, 9, 24, 22, was a daughter of Jupiter.
My 9, 11, 5, 12, 13, 10, 15, 23, was united to the body of her lover.
My 10, 4, 12, 21, 22, was the god of mirth.
My 11, 10, 15, 9, was a Sicilian shepherd.
My 12, 11, 20, 15, 10, 2, was the wife of Faunus.
My 13, 6, 5, 4, 3, 9, was a son of Tantalus.
My 14, 1, 2, 10, 20, 6, 4, 8, was a Grecian poet.
My 15, 7, 5, 8, 9, was beloved by Hercules.
My 16, 2, 5, 6, 21, 23, was a Roman Emperor.
My 17, 6, 5, 6, 21, 22, was a son of Neptune.
My 18, 8, 15, 22, was an Egyptian goddess.
My 19, 18, 9, 21, 23, was a king of the Megarenses.
My 20, 4, 9, 10, 18, 21, 23, was Cicero's teacher.
My 21, 20, 25, 12, 19, 14, was one of the Muses.
My 22, 24, 5, 6, 1, 21, 9, was the god of abstruse mysteries.
My 23, 6, 18, 6, 10, 11, was a celebrated historian.
My 24, 6, 7, was a daughter of Cadmus.
My 25, 5, 10, 7, 9, was a Cretan archer.
My whole was attended with great suffering and loss of life.

WM. D. SOMERS.
Black Rock Academy, N. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 2, 13, 15, is a town in Spain.
My 2, 11, 14, 4, 18, is a river in France.
My 3, 2, 5, 9, 7, is a town in France.
My 4, 15, 10, 2, 14, is a river in Brazil.
My 5, 11, 9, 19, 10, 5, is a town in Italy.
My 5, 7, 10, 2, is a river in Germany.
My 7, 12, 15, 16, 18, 4, is a town in Holland.
My 8, 19, 5, 11, is a river in Germany.
My 9, 8, 17, 18, 2, is a river in Germany.
My 10, 15, 3, is a town in Asia.
My 11, 19, 17, 8, 8, 4, is a town in Spain.
My 12, 18, 7, 9, 4, 14, is a river in Switzerland.
My 13, 6, 16, 6, 11, is a town in Ohio.
My 14, 7, 12, 16, is a river in Germany.
My 15, 19, 9, 2, 3, 7, is a town in Brazil.
My 16, 14, 2, 4, 15, 3, is a town in Sweden.
My 17, 15, 9, 2, 18, is a river in France.
My 18, 8, 5, 11, 19, is a town in Spain.
My 19, 3, 2, 4, is a lake in Scotland.
My whole was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

A. B. PHILIBERT.
St. Louis.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 18, 19, 6, 17, is a flower.
My 10, 5, 7, 17, is a musical instrument.
My 17, 9, 7, is what we all do.
My 1, 5, 7, 2, was a heathen goddess.
My 14, 17, 11, 6, 5, 13, was a Roman philosopher.
My 19, 2, 7, 13, is a species of grain.
My 4, 19, 2, 7, is a gentleman's garment.
My 1, 2, 12, 8, is a planet.
My 13, 2, 11, 7, is a well-known seasoning.
My 17, 18, 2, denotes a point of time.
My whole was a celebrated Roman orator and philosopher.

PLANET.
Lincoln Co., Ky.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When war-notes sound throughout the land,
Men to my first will fly,
There for their country take a stand—
To conquer or to die!
When peace again resumes her sway—
Doves on her banners perch—
And then upon each Sabbath day
My second calls to church.
My whole's an author known to fame,
Whose works have passed through critics' flame.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a species
Of the quadruped kind,
My second a vowel
Will bring to your mind.
My third is with what
New England is lined,
My whole is an animal
Very ferocious you'll find.

HARP
Warren, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 8 st is always,
My second durable,
My whole without end

LEYDE
Dorset, Ills.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My first is in garden, but not in field;
My second is in spear, but not in shield;
My third is in tame, but not in wild;
My fourth is in children, but not in child;
My fifth is in distant, but not in remote;
My whole was a General of much note.

NED
New York.

ANAGRAMS ON COUNTIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Jim tye Soc.	Hang mi Buck.
Tib be hoke.	Gondo lach.
Laurel Dead.	Devel Cain.
O Tim Goshin.	I Kiss you.
Lie for a rat.	A Cart no Coal.

MODESTUS
Pleasantville, Pa.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cubical box, 3 feet square, inside measurement filled with hollow copper balls 4 inches in diameter with a cavity of 3 inches diameter, each ball having a circular orifice of ¼ inch diameter. How many gallons of water will the box contain, after being filled with the balls, allowing 231 cubic inches to the gallon; and what is the weight of the contents of the box when filled with water, allowing copper to weigh 488 lbs. to the cubic foot, and water 62 lbs. to the cubic foot?

CHASE.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured (secured).

☞ What are the largest species of ants? Ans.—Telephants.

☞ Why is the letter N like the figure 1 used in subtraction? Ans.—Because it makes one less.

☞ Why is the letter B like a man looking up at the moon? Ans.—Because it makes his be (eyes) rise.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Berlin Decree issued by Napoleon Bonaparte. By it the British Isles were declared in a state of blockade, and all neutral vessels attempting to trade with them were regarded as enemies to France. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. Western University, Pittsburgh, Pa. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Cambridge Platform Adopted. CHARADE.—Carpet. CHARADE.—Madagascar. CHARADE.—Nameless. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—11 5470 feet from higher; 22 9075 feet from lower.

HOOPS DENOUNCED IN THE BIBLE.—The following is an extract from Isaiah iii. 18:

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round *tires* like the moon." Every one knows that *tire* is but another name for a metallic hoop.